

SKIN

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MICROSCOPIC CLOSEUPS

A cluster of tiny needles appears enormous as it penetrates a leathery, beige landscape. At each prick, a dot of blood blooms to the surface.

A brush glides across flesh, applying a glistening salmon-colored goop. The substance tightens the skin as it dries.

A long silver instrument blasts white haze onto a bulbous mole.

The SOUND OF A HEARTBEAT is barely audible. Thrum. Thrum.

A razor scrapes hair and dead skin cells from a cheek.

A bump slithers under forehead tissue until it reaches just above the eyebrow. A gloved finger presses the bulge down in place. Then, the brow yanks up as if by an invisible string until it takes on an entirely new shape. Thrum. Thrum.

A needle punctures the crow's feet next to a woman's closed eye. Excess liquid dribbles as the syringe withdraws. The eye blinks open as the Botox fluid falls down her face, almost resembling a tear.

The heartbeat pulse grows louder. Thrum. Thrum.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

The heels of Louboutins clack down Beverly Hills. The thrumming wasn't a heartbeat. It was stilettos slapping pavement.

FROM BEHIND, we SLOW PAN up a striking woman's toned body encased in form-fitting, yet sophisticated clothes. The ensemble is impractical, but one would never detect a whiff of discomfort.

Automatic glass doors slide open as she strides into the towering structure. Thrum. Thrum.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

STILL BEHIND HER, we see the woman remove her sun hat. Her blonde hair tumbles down her back, not a strand out of place; the color, just the right shade of gold.

Thrum. Thrum.

ELEVATOR

STILL BEHIND HER, the woman enters an elevator and turns around as the doors close; we still don't see her face.

HALLWAY

STILL BEHIND HER, the woman exits the elevator. She glides through a wide hallway with bold, expensive art on the walls. Thrum. Thrum.

She opens a door with a metal plate nailed to it that reads: AMELIA WILLIAMS, MD, FAAD, LITHE DERMATOLOGY CENTER.

INT. LITHE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STILL BEHIND HER, the woman passes through a waiting room.

Row after row of products line the walls. The product packaging is pristine yet inaccessible and dated. Her brand name is stamped on each bottle: LITHE.

WILLOW (20) follows the woman to the back of the hallway, fumbling with charts as she tries to keep up.

Willow is bright and ambitious. With a natural, low-maintenance look, she seems out of place in this chichi environment.

WILLOW

Good morning, Amelia. Hazel was a bit early, so I put her in Room Two. Gretchen Gershon is scheduled for a chemical peel at ten. I'll put her in Room Three.

Thrum. Thrum.

WOMAN

(without breaking stride)
You have what I can only assume is processed meat stranded between your incisors. Don't interface with patients until it's addressed.

Willow blanches as she practically sprints to the bathroom.

TREATMENT ROOM

The stiletto heartbeat stops at the sudden CLOSEUP of the woman, AMELIA WILLIAMS (40s), and we finally get to see her face.

Amelia has the kind of effortless seeming beauty that can only be achieved through hours upon hours of good cosmetic work. Her skin has a glossy, tight quality that is almost eerie in its perfection.

Now in a lab coat, Amelia sits on a rolling stool and exhales a sigh of relief. This is where she belongs.

She turns to a sobbing HAZEL (18), whose lips are so large and lumpy that it looks like she made out with a beehive.

AMELIA

We're going to fix this, Hazel. Can I touch?

Hazel nods through tears, and Amelia wheels over and examines her mouth.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Where did you get the procedure?

HAZEL

(incomprehensible)

'Octo' 'ave' 'inuh' in 'Hollyud.

While Hazel's engorged lips make it impossible for Amelia to know what she said, Amelia listens compassionately. Willow enters and observes from the corner of the room.

AMELIA

Willow, diagnosis?

WILLOW

The patient is exhibiting symptoms of an allergic reaction.

AMELIA

Specific compound?

WILLOW

Either hyaluronic or polylactic acid commonly found in filler -- otherwise known as PLA.

AMELIA

And?

Willow's confident facade falters. She stutters, searching the chart for answers.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Thank you for humoring my new intern. You are having a mild allergic reaction. In addition, the practitioner neglected the upper lip crease, causing it to lose its attachment to the orbicularis oris, where the nasolabial fat pad created a new fold. That plus an equal and unstinting distribution of dermal filler --

Hazel has started shaking, and Amelia reassuringly places a hand on her arm. Willow furiously jots down notes.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It seems worse than it is. A round of steroids plus an hour of my work, and you'll look even better than before the filler. Give me two weeks, and you'll look perfect.

A newly hopeful Hazel tries and fails to smile.

EXT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Amelia watches half-masticated chicken curry roll across the tongue of WALTER ELROD (50s). She has her most charming game face on.

WALTER

The hospital isn't going to aid research for a Botox alternative.

AMELIA

I'm talking about changing how the world thinks about aging and damaged skin. Sure, there's a cosmetic angle, but what about burn victims, skin grafts, cell regeneration innovations... It's been a decade since Cedars held a dermatological clinical trial. Did you know that? How are we expected to advance in our field without the hospital's support?

WALTER wipes his mouth with his napkin and pulls the proposal out of his briefcase. He flips to a page.

WALTER

Even if we wanted to fund it, which we don't, we couldn't get our hands on the raw material. An unknown amount of bone marrow?

He waves his hands incredulously, and chicken drops onto his shirt, but he doesn't notice. Amelia doubles down.

AMELIA

Extracellular vesicles derived --

WALTER

You know there still isn't a cure for cancer, Amelia. Cancer! Still a big issue. Huge!

AMELIA

The cancer wing, while vital, brings in very little money to the hospital and benefits from a wealth of grants and personal donations. My practice is one of the most valuable sources of downstream income. And what thanks do I get from the board? I could open a private practice and spare myself the administration fees, but I stay here for the amenities offered, such as the use of the lab and research opportunities.

Walter chews his lip, irritated at what he perceives as arrogance. Amelia reads this and plays demure.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

And these spirited discussions with you, of course. You've been such a champion for me over the years.

She bats her eyelashes at him, and he softens.

WALTER

We've been friends for a long time, so I'll give it to you straight. You've submitted this proposal on and off for two decades --

AMELIA

Doesn't that show just how much I believe in this hypothesis?

Amelia swallows. She wants this so bad.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Walter. I wouldn't be so tenacious
if I didn't believe in my bones
that this would be groundbreaking.
Don't you trust that I might just
know what I'm talking about?

He doesn't even consider this, or her.

WALTER

Perhaps it's time to let it go...
It's difficult to get the board
excited about an old dog with the
same moldy bone.

Amelia buries her frustration by stabbing at her offensively
small spinach salad.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Hey, keep your head up.
Retirement's right around the
corner.

Amelia's head snaps up, her mouth agape in horror.

INT. BARRE STUDIO - WORKOUT ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Nearly identical arms stretch straight out, pulsing up and
down in micro-movements.

Amelia and the room full of women sweat, jaws clenched, raw
determination on their faces.

Legs lift and lower, lift and lower, then lift and pulse in
frantic synchronicity like a flock of flightless birds
beating their wings.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Still in her workout clothes, Amelia sets nine almonds on a
food scale. It reads 12.3 grams. She removes two almonds.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - BATHROOM - LATER

Amelia evaluates her body in the mirror, anxiously pulling
back the skin on her forehead as a makeshift facelift.

She touches a barely-there jowl fold and sighs in despair.
The mirror beckons her closer, and she leans toward her
reflection, closer than any human would be unless they're
kissing you.

Her mouth hangs open, and her breath quickens as she moves her head in a slow circle, inspecting the whites of her eyes and noting the red veins that have set root.

Amelia stands back and takes in the total package. Her posture deflates, and a deep but familiar feeling of moral failure sets in, completing her well-oiled routine.

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - NIGHT

Amelia and BARRY (60s), Amelia's husband, stare out opposite windows of Barry's Porsche as they wait at a red light.

Amelia looks flawless in a champagne satin dress, while Barry is dressed generically to blend into any sea of wealthy men. The light turns green, and he accelerates.

The end of Cream's "Strange Brew" plays. The song changes to an artist named "Matilda." GarageBand Olivia Rodrigo vibes.

Amelia moves to change it, and Barry swats her away. Amelia raises her eyebrows.

AMELIA
You like this?

Barry shrugs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You hate pop.

BARRY
We're gonna take her on at the
studio. I think she's pretty good.

Barry sings along to the verse under his breath.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Eat the fresh peach in my pocket...

AMELIA
(suspicious)
You're in a good mood.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - FOUR SEASONS BALLROOM - NIGHT

Hundreds of wealthy, mostly white people sip cocktails and nibble food at their assigned tables. Their attention is on the stage, where PENELOPE (mid-50s) orates.

PENELOPE

-- All thanks to your generous donations, 1.5 million dollars will go directly to The California Children's Cancer Fund --

Applause ripples through the audience. We locate Amelia and Barry sitting with their friends. Amelia rolls her eyes at the mention of her new arch-nemesis: Cancer.

Next to Amelia are SAMANTHA (late-40s), a high-end IVF doctor, and LULU (mid-40s), a retired actress.

SAMANTHA

How does all that filler go straight to her chin?

LULU

I heard she's hit up every doctor in LA, going from west to east. She started high-end in the Palisades and is currently on
(dripping with disgust)
Hollywood and Highland.

SAMANTHA

Let's pray a silicone embolism gets her before she reaches La Cañada.

LuLu snorts, but Amelia rests her temple on her fingertips, bored and annoyed by her friend's conversation.

AMELIA

She's desperate. It's sad.

LULU

I'm so full.

The men's dishes look like they've been licked clean, whereas all the women's plates have barely been touched.

PENELOPE

-- Now, stick around. We have a fantastic performance by Matilda --

The table turns their attention back to each other.

BARRY

(to the men)
Drinks?

As the rest of the room claps for Penelope's speech, the husbands mob the bar.

LULU
Samantha, before I forget, my
goddaughter might have pee-nos --

SAMANTHA
PCOS --

LULU
And wants to have her fertility
checked. She called, but there's --

SAMANTHA
A nine-month waitlist. Use my name,
and I'll squeeze her in tomorrow.

Penelope plops down next to Samantha and adjusts her hair.

PENELOPE
Madeleine Goodwin and Steve Saccone
holding hands under table seven. IN
PLAIN SIGHT OF BOTH THEIR SPOUSES!

The table gasps in thinly masked glee and rubber necks to see
them. Amelia pretends to care.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
More importantly, how'd I do?

The girls immediately fawn over her.

SAMANTHA
You were incredible.

LULA
You looked beautiful,
Penelope.

PENELOPE
So, I didn't make a total fool of
myself?

AMELIA
Not at all.

PENELOPE
The entire time I was doing that
thing LuLu taught me.

She juts her head a little forward, chin down.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
To minimize the rooster neck.

SAMANTHA
Oh, please --

PENELOPE

Seriously, Dean is going to enter me into a cockfight one of these days. And not the fun kind.

The women all laugh in the spirit of "being bad." Samantha sidebars with Amelia as LuLu and Penelope chat.

SAMANTHA

You're supposed to hear back about your proposal soon, right?

Shame burns deep within Amelia as Samantha studies her with an air of competition.

Amelia notices a woman sitting at another table: JOAN (70s), whose ice-cold interior matches her frozen Botoxed face.

They make eye contact, and Joan raises a martini glass in acknowledgment of Amelia, who nods back almost imperceptibly.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Amelia?

Amelia tears her attention from Joan and sits back, newly posturing.

AMELIA

Any day now. The higher-ups like what they see. They're just working out some details.

SAMANTHA

Let's hope they mean it this time. I'd kill to look 25 again.

AMELIA

Wouldn't we all? Until then --

Amelia tips her glass and drinks, relieved that she has upheld her perfect image. Penelope examines her glass.

PENELOPE

Even my lipstick marks have wrinkles.

LuLu's DAUGHTER (14) pipes up.

DAUGHTER

I think I have lip wrinkles.

LuLu hurriedly hands her Chapstick.

Amelia glances around the room. Barry isn't by the bar anymore. In fact, he's nowhere to be seen.

She drowns her anxiety by gulping the rest of her wine.

BAR - LATER

Amelia orders.

AMELIA
Chardonnay, please.

MATILDA (24), a D-list celebrity trying to channel Zendaya but only achieving Euphoria background actor, texts as she walks up to the bar. She gawks at the BARTENDER expectantly.

BARTENDER
Can I help you?

MATILDA
Uh, yeah? Pornstar Martini. You
should know this. It's in my rider.

The bartender just nods, not wanting any drama.

AMELIA
You're Matilda, right? My husband --

MATILDA
(flat, back to texting)
Oh, thanks. It's so fulfilling to
give back to such a worthy cause.

Amelia gives Matilda the up-down, taking in her too-trendy, overtly sexual outfit. Her eyes linger on her taut body.

Amelia suppresses her judgment and jealousy, and extends her hand. Matilda begrudgingly looks up and shakes it.

AMELIA
Amelia. I hope you don't mind, but
I'm a dermatologist, and I must say
you have the most beautiful skin.

Matilda's face lights up at the compliment.

MATILDA
Oh, thank you. It goes through the
wringer. They practically cake
makeup on me every day, and then I
sweat in it for hours...

AMELIA

I'm sure. Taking care of it must be another full-time job.

Matilda is relieved to be met with genuine empathy, and her apathy starts to melt.

MATILDA

Exactly!

AMELIA

(motioning to herself)

Believe me, I get it. I need a team to take care of all this.

MATILDA

Well, whatever they're doing, it's working. I'm actually launching my own skincare line. It's called "Naked Indifference."

Amelia's jaw tightens, but she hides it well.

AMELIA

Oh, how wonderful. What sort of products?

MATILDA

(floundering)

Oh... toners, moisturizers... I'm not super involved in the technical stuff... I just peddle it to the masses.

(shrugs happily)

Pretty privilege.

AMELIA

(under her breath)

Sounds groundbreaking.

MATILDA

You'd think owning a skincare line would give me perfect skin.

She motions to a tiny cystic zit on her otherwise flawless cheek. Amelia leans closer and inspects it.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

I have a music video shoot in a few days. I've legit been considering pushing it until it goes away.

AMELIA

A cortisone shot would clear it up in a day. I used to do it for Madonna all the time -- back when she still got hormonal acne.

MATILDA

Really? Do you think you could see me tomorrow? I'm super flexi.

Amelia sees the hope in Matilda's eyes and decides to do her a solid. She takes out her phone and looks at her schedule.

AMELIA

I can squeeze you in at the end of the day. My office is at Cedars.
(types)
You're officially in the log.

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT approaches Matilda.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Matilda, we're ready for you.

Matilda waves goodbye with a smile as she's led away.

MATILDA

You're a lifesaver.

LATER

A crowd dances as Matilda performs, gyrating her hips.

The woman who Amelia made eye contact with earlier, Joan, slides up to the bar. She merely glances at the bartender, and a dry martini appears in front of her.

Amelia takes a deep breath and approaches her, unable to hide a desperate hope for affection.

AMELIA

Mom. I don't know if you noticed, but I'm wearing the Ralph Lauren dress you got me --

JOAN

Are you watching this?

Joan nods toward the stage where Matilda has reached the song's bridge. The music slows into a sultry refrain, and Amelia follows Matilda's gaze, which is glued on Barry.

MATILDA

Eat the fresh peach in my pocket --

It looks like she's singing directly to him. Barry's eyes are locked with hers. Amelia freezes as her heart sinks.

AMELIA

I... Umm...

She can't face her mom and turns to leave, but Joan grabs her by the arm and whips Amelia back around.

JOAN

(with absurd gravity)

I told you not to wear such
masculine shoes.

Amelia spots Penelope in the corner of the room and marches up to her, head spinning. Penelope gestures to Matilda.

PENELOPE

Isn't she amazing?

AMELIA

Is he fucking her?

PENELOPE

Who?

AMELIA

Barry. Is he fucking Matilda?

Penelope blinks in surprise.

PENELOPE

I thought you knew. Everyone knows.
I would kill for my husband to be
fucking Matilda. At least then, I
wouldn't have to.

Penelope downs the rest of her drink as Amelia's face falls.

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - NIGHT

Barry swerves up a dark, winding Hollywood Hills road as a drunk Amelia stares ahead. A long, tense silence.

AMELIA

That Malinda puts on quite a show.
A little pitchy.

BARRY

Matilda.

The correction is all Amelia needed. She proceeds with as much dignity as she can manage.

AMELIA

A fling on a boys' trip is one thing, but it's quite another for you to flaunt... *her* in front of my face. And in front of everyone.

BARRY

I'm sorry you found out that way.

AMELIA

Well. I'm glad it's out in the open. At least now we can work through it.

BARRY

I don't want to work through it. I'm... I'm leaving, Amelia.

He pulls into the driveway as Amelia gapes at him in shock. Her cool beginning to slip.

AMELIA

Leaving? But... We have the "Kicking Cancer's Butt" event next week! I can't show up alone --

BARRY

So I should come with you so we can talk to anyone but each other all night? We have nothing to say to each other anymore! I mean, come on, don't pretend you haven't had your own indiscretions, Amelia --

AMELIA

(you dumbass)

Oh, everyone cheats. You're not supposed to leave.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Barry packs a weekend bag, Amelia follows him around, her outpouring of rage thinly disguises her deep humiliation.

AMELIA

-- Men amid a midlife crisis are so grotesque.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You don't think everyone can see
you just want some pubeless
teenager on your arm to prove that
though your dick might not get as
hard, you're still a virile man!

Barry throws down a wad of clothes in anger.

BARRY

Don't talk about my dick!

AMELIA

(chortles sardonically)
Oh, let's talk about your dick!
It's because I stopped giving you
head, isn't it? And let me guess,
she'll give it to you whenever you
want because she's some eager-to-
please twenty-year-old bimbo with
daddy issues --

BARRY

I love her.

This is the last sentiment Amelia expected to hear. It feels unfathomable. She chooses venom over tears.

AMELIA

You really are an idiot, aren't
you?

BARRY

And you really are a miserable cow.

He glares at her, and then, pointedly --

BARRY (CONT'D)

Even you can't get rid of those
frown lines.

AMELIA

(stung to her core)
Get out.

BARRY

I'm already leaving!

AMELIA

THEN WHY HAVEN'T YOU LEFT YET?!

Amelia picks up the rest of his things, stomps into the hallway, and tosses them over the balcony of the stairs.

Barry chases after her, and they face each other.

BARRY
(petulant)
At least she lets me kiss her with
tongue.

AMELIA
(sarcastic)
KINKY!

He heads downstairs.

BARRY
I'll be at the Beverly Hills Hotel
if you need me. My lawyer will be
in touch.

Amelia sticks her tongue out at him like a schoolyard child.

INT. AMELIA'S WHITE BENTLY - MOVING - NIGHT

Amelia recklessly drunk-drives down the Hollywood Hills.

INT. LITHE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Amelia hobbles inside, flicking on all the lights.

TREATMENT ROOM

Amelia can't bring herself to look in the mirror as she fills a syringe with a vial marked "Botox" and plunges it into the frown lines and crow's feet.

After disposing of the needle, she glances at her reflection, where she is horrified to see a bruise blooming around the injection site next to her eye.

She can't help but laugh at this final karmic insult as she slurs drunkenly to no one.

AMELIA
And that is why you don't drink and
Botox, ladies.

After her laughter wanes, her face goes slack as she ruminates.

A burst of anger overcomes her, and she throws an LED lighting treatment machine to the ground. It shatters, and she sinks to the floor next to the shards of glass.

AMELIA'S OFFICE - LATER

Amelia stumbles through her office, opens a file drawer, reaches to the very back, and pulls out a hefty folder marked "Clinical Trial Proposal."

She plops herself on the ground and peruses the papers. Phrases like "...would stem cells lose multipotency if cultured, or..." leap off the page.

Sheets of incomprehensible lab experiments and calculations. Even in her inebriated state, Amelia is transfixed.

EARLY MORNING

Buzz. Buzz. Amelia blinks awake to find herself passed out with her proposal strewn about. Her dress is wrinkled, and her bruise matches the smudged mascara under her eyes.

Buzz. Buzz. With effort, Amelia picks up her phone. "MOM" is calling. She sits against the wall, too hungover to stand.

EXT. JOAN'S HOME - BALCONY - EARLY MORNING

Joan sips black coffee while flipping through Vanity Fair, her phone on speaker mode.

JOAN

I'm reading yet another smear
campaign against Ivanka. When will
the liberal media tire --

INTERCUT

Amelia covers her face with her hand, on the verge of tears.

AMELIA

Mom? He left me. For that... twenty-
year-old... I can't believe it.

JOAN

Why can't you believe it? This is
what men do. You don't go to
Pilates anymore, do you? I bet if
you start going again, he'd come
running right --

AMELIA

(tired)

Mom, you've never missed a week of
Pilates. Before dad left, after dad
left. What difference did it make?

JOAN
(vehemently)
You don't know what you're talking
about. After I had you, I...
(lost in shameful memory)
perhaps put on a few... and he...

Amelia listens sadly. This is nothing she hasn't heard
before. She's about to respond, but Joan snaps out of it.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Why don't you go on a little spa
retreat? Seasons usually has a long
wait, but I can pull some strings.
They staffed the best dietitian in
Los Angeles. If he can't get your
husband back, I don't know who can.

AMELIA
I'll think about it. The... girl is
supposed to come into the office
today. She didn't even know I'm
Barry's wife!

JOAN
It's not like she and Barry are
discussing you, and you didn't take
his name, thank god.

AMELIA
I have to cancel --

JOAN
Don't be pathetic.

AMELIA
Mom! I can't see her! I look
terrible, and she's so...

The word "young" is on the tip of her tongue, but she can't
bring herself to say it. Joan sets down her magazine.

JOAN
Have some dignity. This behavior is
probably why that prick left in the
first place. Confront her. Put her
in the hot seat. You're number one,
Amelia. When that home-wrecking
hooker stole your father from me, I
put laxatives in her V8. Just like
when that bitch, Debby Harlow,
found me with your father, she
pushed me down the stairs. I didn't
like it, but I respected it.

AMELIA

Mom! I'm not going to push her down
the stairs.

Amelia's voice has grown small, like a little girl, and Joan sighs. A smidge of maternal instinct seeps through a crack.

JOAN

I am... this should not happen,
Amelia. And... a frozen spoon can
help with swelling around the eyes.

AMELIA

Thank you, mom.

JOAN

Stand up for yourself. The girl I
raised isn't some sniveling victim
to the world.

Joan hangs up the phone, and Amelia is enveloped in crushing solitude. She slowly picks herself up off the floor.

INT. LITHE - AMELIA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hours have passed, and it's now 9:30 a.m. Amelia works at her desk. Her flawless appearance masks last night's disaster. Willow knocks at her door.

WILLOW

Good morning, Amelia.

Willow is greeted by nothing more than a full up-down appraisal of her appearance from Amelia: Amelia's eyes roam over her beat-up sneakers, utilitarian jeans, and flat hair. The moment is almost comical in Amelia's shamelessness, and Willow forces an obsequious smile.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I don't know if you saw, the LED
lamp somehow fell and shattered --

AMELIA

Don't worry about it, Willow. I
know it was an accident. I'm sure
you'll get a hang of the on button
by the end of the semester.

Amelia's gaze returns to her paperwork, and Willow's eyebrows raise in disbelief: *what a bitch.*

TREATMENT ROOM MONTAGE

Amelia, with the assistance of Willow, treats patients. Primarily white women ages 20-70. Amelia administers each procedure with focused, passionate zeal. It's fast and slashy as she channels her rage.

The red dot of a laser passes over skin.

Amelia applies trichloroacetic acid with a cotton swab.

A needle punctures the surface of an upper lip. The delicate pink tissue engorges with filler.

A microneedle tool runs over a blood-covered face.

A series of Botox shots: forehead, eyes, between the brows. She tosses the needles in the medical waste bin.

HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Amelia and Willow emerge from the treatment room. Amelia removes her gloves, satisfied from a long day at work.

AMELIA

You can take the rest of the day
off if you want.

WILLOW

Are you sure? I thought you had one
more patient left. I'm more than
happy to stay.

Eager to please, Willow moves to check the log, but Amelia distracts her by stepping in front of her, taking a free sample from the desk, and handing it to her.

AMELIA

I'm sure. You look like you could
use a little stress relief.

Amelia points to an angry, red blemish on Willow's chin.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

This should clear that right up.

Amelia's tactic works, and Willow's eyes bulge as she quickly covers up the zit, distracted by her own appearance.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Off you go! And don't pick at it!

Amelia playfully shoos a chastened Willow out the door. As Willow leaves, anxiety seeps into Amelia's expression.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Willow exits the office, and her pleasant facade melts. It's replaced by sheer annoyance as she flings the free sample in the trash and mutters under her breath.

WILLOW
Dr. Evil ass bitch.

INT. LITHE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Matilda texts as she enters the office, wearing oversized sunglasses and no makeup. Out of her pop star getup, she's hardly recognizable.

When no one greets her at the front desk, she sits in one of the comfortable chairs in the adjacent waiting area.

Moments pass. A preset playlist of girl power music softly hums from the speakers. Matilda stands and examines the products on display, growing impatient.

She notices that the door to the treatment room hallway is open a crack and tries to peer behind it.

MATILDA
Hello?

She checks the time again and then, getting frustrated, opens the door and wanders back.

HALLWAY

The waiting room music fades to complete silence as Matilda tiptoes further down the corridor.

MATILDA
Hello? Amelia?

She passes empty treatment room after empty treatment room, creeping toward the end of the hall, which turns left into seeming darkness.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
Hello? I could be smoking a J
watching MILF Manor right now --

AMELIA (O.S.)

Matilda.

Matilda jumps as she spins around and sees Amelia standing behind her, seemingly calm.

MATILDA

Oh! You scared me!

AMELIA

Sorry to make you wait. I was finishing up some paperwork in the back. Let's get started.

Amelia turns and disappears into a treatment room.

TREATMENT ROOM - SUNSET

Matilda makes herself at home on the plush treatment chair as Amelia closes the door. The window casts a warm glow as a sherbet sunset radiates through the glass.

AMELIA

Spritzer?

MATILDA

Oh, god, I couldn't. Last night I did K on top of tequila, on top of cigs, on top of dairy, and now I feel like straight ass. Were you dying this morning?

AMELIA

(lying)

I felt great! I popped an Advil, drank water, and went to bed early.

MATILDA

Man, that sounds nice. I want to be you when I grow up.

Amelia wills herself to ignore Matilda's last statement and pulls on latex gloves.

AMELIA

Let's see the perpetrator.
May I?

Matilda nods, and Amelia runs her finger over the cystic acne bump on Matilda's cheek. Her touch lingers as she can't help but study her youthful face, a glint of pain in her eyes. Matilda avoids eye contact, but it's inescapably intimate.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Shouldn't be too difficult.

Amelia pulls out a tray replete with tools: cotton pads, blackhead extractor, scalpel, etc. She places it next to Matilda before swabbing Matilda's pimple with an alcohol pad.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I suppose while we're here, we
should clear the air.

MATILDA
About what?

Amelia continues her preparations as she says, evenly --

AMELIA
The fact that you're fucking my
husband.

MATILDA
(eyes widening)
Who's your husband?

AMELIA
(shocked)
How many husbands are you fucking?

MATILDA
I'm not -- Barry's your husband?

AMELIA
I guess you two aren't exactly
close. He didn't even bother to
tell you my name.

MATILDA
I didn't think... He told me you
were basically separated and, like,
never had sex, and --

Amelia turns her back as she internally boils, determined not to let Matilda see any weakness. She extracts cortisone from the vial into a syringe while she collects herself.

AMELIA
Look, Matilda. I see no reason for
us to be on bad terms. I just
wanted to address it and move on.
After all, you didn't cheat on me.
My husband did.

Without the stage lights and makeup, Matilda suddenly seems very young.

MATILDA

Yes... I'm... truly sorry if what we did had a negative effect on you. I guess I just thought if it was meant to be between you two, it would be, like... being?

Amelia seethes. *This is the woman he abandoned her for.*

AMELIA

(sarcastic)

Well, when you put it like that...

Without warning, Amelia grabs Matilda's face, turns it to the side, and jabs the needle into Matilda's zit.

Matilda gasps, but it's already over. Amelia disposes of the syringe, done with the procedure in mere seconds.

MATILDA

(pissed)

You could have warned me --

AMELIA

I'm not sure what a girl your age sees in an old man like him anyway. Don't you want to date whoever your generation's Ashton Kutcher is? Some moron with a six-pack?... I suppose it's the power. It's always about power, isn't it?

MATILDA

Look, I know this must be hard for you, but he's got his shit together and believes in my music, and I don't have to take care of him the way I did with the other guys --

AMELIA

Yet.

MATILDA

What Barry and I have is real.

Amelia's rage manifests in a bark of a laugh as she stops cleaning and plants herself in front of Matilda.

The last rays of the sunlight set behind the city. Without natural light, the room feels clinical and unfriendly. The overhead fluorescents shine harshly on their faces.

AMELIA

You think you're real to him?

MATILDA

Yes!

AMELIA

Nothing is real to him except the way your skin feels against his -- the plumpness of your cheek.

Amelia reaches out and pinches Matilda's cheek. Matilda bats her hand away, shocked at the physical contact.

MATILDA

Hey --

Amelia grabs Matilda's wrists and easily pins them to the chair. Countless hours of Pilates really paying off.

AMELIA

Do you think if you were sixty, he would have fallen for you? Do you really think that?

Matilda begins to shake, but she remains defiant.

MATILDA

I do --

AMELIA

Then you're an idiot.

Suddenly, Amelia turns ice cold, seizes a BLACKHEAD EXTRACTOR and IMPALES MATILDA THROUGH THE EYE in one swift motion.

A horrible squishing sound as the tool pops Matilda's eyeball and penetrates her brain. Blood squirts and oozes out of the gauged socket.

Matilda screams and flails her arms in front of her, searching for any way of defending herself.

MATILDA

WHAT THE FUCK --

Amelia ignores Matilda's feeble attempts at self-defense. She is all precision as she twists the instrument and pushes it deeper into Matilda's skull.

Matilda twitches momentarily, then falls limp, dead.

Amelia gasps as she takes in what she has done and backs up against the door, suddenly seeming human again.

AMELIA

No.

She stares in horror at Matilda's lifeless body. Then she shuts her eyes, willing it all to vanish.

She steadies herself and scrutinizes the mess.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

Blood drips from Matilda's eye socket and onto the floor. Amelia blinks in disbelief. Then, she notices the droplets hitting the ground, adding to a growing crimson puddle.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

AMELIA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Amelia picks up the proposal papers haphazardly piled on her desk from the night before and holds them before her face.

She nods decisively and then opens the cabinet doors of the tall closet in her office. She finds a half dozen organizational containers holding countless beauty products and dumps the cosmetics on the ground.

BATHROOM

Amelia washes her hands, avoiding her own reflection.

MEDICAL BUILDING - ELEVATOR

Amelia descends to the basement floor.

BASEMENT

Amelia walks past rooms with refrigerated drawers and gurneys in the desolate, poorly lit basement. She passes a security guard, whom she nods at, a gesture he gladly returns.

STORAGE CLOSET

Amelia grabs a trolley. She searches through medical instruments until she finds what looks like a ten-inch metal needle: a bone marrow aspirator.

She opens a closet, and her mouth twitches into a faint smile at the sight of jugs upon jugs of alkaline hydrolysis.

AMELIA'S OFFICE

Amelia removes the medical waste bin trash liner and throws it to the side.

She walks to Matilda, clinically spreads the deceased girl's knees apart, and props the bin between her legs.

She grabs the blackhead extractor, pulls it out of Matilda's eye socket, and then tips Matilda's upper body over so Matilda is folded in on herself.

Matilda's head flops between her legs, and blood pours from her gaping orifice into the container.

Amelia walks behind Matilda, where the bare skin on Matilda's lower back peeks out from between her crop top and jeans.

MONTAGE

A medical tray with an alcohol swab, gauze, scalpel, syringes, and the bone marrow aspirator.

Amelia makes a small incision with the scalpel into one side of Matilda's iliac crest, located on her lower back.

The aspirator's metal needle punctures the open wound. Amelia's attention is completely absorbed as she digs the needle deeper into Matilda's bone. Blood oozes.

Amelia removes the stop from the top of the metal instrument and replaces it with a syringe. She pulls the syringe plunger and draws out thick crimson liquid.

Matilda has been propped up, so she's leaning back in the chair. Amelia has the aspirator plunged into her sternum.

Matilda is tipped and leaning to the side. Amelia extracts from her exposed ribs.

A half dozen syringes lie on the blood-spattered medical tray, now full of cloudy, red bone marrow.

MEDICAL BUILDING - HALLWAY

Amelia strolls down the vacant hallway. She notices a janitor's cart with a key pass lanyard hanging off the side. Without breaking her stride, she snags the lanyard.

She seamlessly uses the pass to swipe into a lab and slip through the door.

LAB

It's late at night, and the lab is deserted. Amelia immediately starts pulling supplies from shelves.

LAB/OFFICE MONTAGE

A test tube with clear liquid is filled with the bone marrow extract. Amelia places the test tubes in a metal machine.

She begins cutting Matilda into pieces using a bone saw.

Amelia takes the test tubes out of the machine. A clear, pure substance is sandwiched between milky yellow liquid above and dark purple fluid below.

The clear substance drips into a Petri dish.

MICROSCOPIC CLOSE-UP of the dish: white with tiny grey lines - - vesicles -- scattered about. Pink bone marrow stem cell culture medium invades the space and tints it salmon.

Amelia deposits several Petri dishes into the cell culture incubator, which looks like a small refrigerator.

Blood seeps from Matilda's severed arm, collecting in a container.

MICROSCOPIC CLOSE-UP of the grey vesicles multiplying.

Amelia wears rubber gloves as she pours acid over bones in a clear tub.

Using a syringe, Amelia transfers the cultures into a tube. She places them into a centrifugation machine.

Crusted blood fizzes as Amelia scrubs the floor with bleach.

The sun rises as Amelia pulls the tube out of the centrifuge.

INT. LITHE - TREATMENT ROOM - DAWN

The room is spotless again. Amelia rests her forehead on the counter in exhaustion.

She lifts her head. The concoction on the counter in front of her COMES INTO FOCUS.

Luminous rose gold serum fills a small glass vial.

She holds it up to her face, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

MOMENTS LATER

Amelia fills a syringe with the serum. She turns to the mirror and closes her eyes as if saying a silent prayer.

Her eyes snap open, and without flinching, she injects her lips, around her eyes, and her smile lines with the serum.

She smothers a few drops of serum onto her face, picks up a microneedling machine, and runs the head over her face. Tiny needles puncture her skin, and blood mixes with the serum.

Once she finishes, her entire face glows red with blood. She walks to the mirror and looks at herself, her face grave.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Los Angeles glitters gold and coral through Amelia's bedroom windows. WE DON'T SEE AMELIA'S FACE as she stretches awake.

BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

WE DON'T SEE AMELIA'S FACE as she trudges through her bathroom in a silk pajama set, washes her face, and pats her skin dry with a plush washcloth.

We finally SEE HER FACE when she glances at herself for the first time and her dabbing slows.

Not only does she look thirty, but she also seems to be glowing from the inside out.

She tries to pull back the skin of her forehead, but there's no need. She moves her hands to her newly smooth jowls.

A deranged grin spreads across her face. In its lunacy, it's more genuine than any smile we've seen from her thus far.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - STREET - AFTERNOON

Amelia is walking on sunshine as she struts down Melrose Place like it's her personal runway. FROM HER POV, every man, woman, and child gawk at her, either in lust or jealousy.

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Amelia is shown to the back patio of a nice restaurant. Joan is already perusing a menu at the table.

Amelia leans over and air kisses Joan on the cheek.

AMELIA

Mom.

Joan glances at her before returning to the wine list.

JOAN

You look well.

Amelia tries not to beam, but the validation from her mother warms her from the inside.

INT. LITHE - TREATMENT ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Amelia's patient, DWARKA (60s), LA's Anna Wintour, reads one of the framed articles lining the wall. These include features in LA Mag, Beverly Hills Mag, quotes in Vogue, and a shoutout from Chrissy Teigen in Cosmopolitan.

Amelia enters, and Dwarka's jaw drops.

DWARKA

Honey, you look sensational.

AMELIA

Dwarka, you're too kind.

Dwarka and Amelia air kiss, and then Dwarka clutches Amelia's arm with a flash of urgency that suggests Amelia has the cure to a cancer she's dying of.

DWARKA

No, really, what's your secret?

AMELIA

Oh, you know, diet, exercise, a good moisturizer.

Amelia notices a tiny spot of blood on the counter. She swiftly shrugs off Dwarka and moves in front of the spot.

DWARKA

(unimpressed)

And who's... this?

Amelia whips around to see Willow, who drops her pencil in shock. Amelia is panicked that Willow saw the speck of blood.

WILLOW

Wow, Amelia, how --

Willow gawks at Amelia, enchanted and a little disturbed by her transformation. Amelia exhales and carries on as normally as possible. Willow snaps out of it and picks up the pencil.

AMELIA

Dwarka, this is Willow, my new intern.

Willow extends her hand to introduce herself, but Dwarka lost interest and doesn't acknowledge the gesture. Willow awkwardly taps the chair instead.

DWARKA

Does it smell funny in here? I swear, I'm getting a migraine.

WILLOW

Huh, it does. A little bleach-y --

Amelia's eyes widen.

AMELIA

Guess it's time for a new cleaning crew. Willow, could you light a candle?

(swift change of subject)

What are we thinking?

Willow finds and lights a candle from the cabinet as Amelia uses the opportunity to swiftly sanitize the blood stain.

DWARKA

Just a little tune-up.

Amelia pulls up her rolling stool and studies Dwarka's face.

AMELIA

How busy is the rest of your week?

DWARKA

You have no idea.

AMELIA

Then we'll do a very light peel --

DWARKA

I don't want to look like a burn victim --

AMELIA

That's a deep peel. This won't even be noticeable.

Willow hands Amelia a saturated cotton swab, which Amelia uses to cleanse Dwarka's skin. Willow can't help but steal another glance at Amelia's face.

DWARKA

You know, Elle is doing our Fifty is the New Forty" piece. It's my favorite issue, to be honest. We get to showcase the best of the best. The most powerful, successful, untouchable women.

(to Amelia)

I actually considered you for it. We had room for one superstar doctor, but we went with that famous IVF girl, Samantha Copeland.

Amelia's mouth tightens with unexpressed jealousy as she applies the chemical peel with a new cotton swab.

AMELIA

Samantha is a good friend from med school.

DWARKA

She's had all those endometriosis breakthroughs -- endometriosis is very hot right now... But I could, perhaps, make some calls -- if you tell me what treatment you're *actually* using. I'm sure our readers would be quite interested.

Amelia is dying to spill and bask in the glory of her discovery, but she knows she can't and bites her tongue.

AMELIA

Believe me, I wish I had something to tell. A cover on Elle would make it much harder for my troglodyte boss to overlook me.

Amelia dumps the used cotton into Willow's hand and then gives Dwarka a mirror. Dwarka inspects herself.

DWARKA

This will tide me over until the early winter months when I have more downtime. We could do filler around my nose to lift the hook and bridge, collagen stimulants around the cheekbones, dermafiller to unhollow the eyes, Kybella for this distastefully droopy triple chin... Our quarterly dermaplaning, perhaps a laser treatment to counteract the inevitable sun damage I'll incur on my Cabo trip in September...

(MORE)

DWARKA (CONT'D)

Botox around the elevens -- and
what can we do about my hairline?
It's parting like the Red Sea.

During Dwarka's extensive listing, Willow's professional poker face momentarily slips, and an expression somewhere between horror and morbid amusement slips through. Amelia notices her judgment.

AMELIA

A PRP hair growth treatment will
help. I'll meet you up front.

Amelia leaves the room, signaling for Willow to follow her.

HALLWAY

Amelia and Willow are far enough down the corridor that they're out of earshot. Amelia addresses Willow calmly. This is a teaching moment.

AMELIA

Judgment isn't a desirable quality
in a physician.

WILLOW

Oh, I'm sorry, I wasn't...

AMELIA

Yes, you were.

Willow is caught and fesses up.

WILLOW

She wanted so much stuff... as a
doctor, how do you tell them they
don't need it?

AMELIA

What does that really mean?

Amelia waits for an answer. Willow looks at her blankly, not sure what to say.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Think about it for a second. Do you
need to straighten your hair or
over-pluck your eyebrows?

WILLOW

(suddenly self-conscious)
No, but I... like how it looks.

AMELIA

Well, of course, you like how it looks. It gives you currency.

Willow's surprised at Amelia's unsentimental statement but tries to keep it light as she nervously rambles.

WILLOW

Oh, umm... totally. You help women look how they want to so they feel good, and it gives them confidence.

Amelia raises her eyebrows as far up as they'll go.

AMELIA

Willow, this was your first choice of internship, and I know from your scores that you are top of your class, so, despite appearances, I gave you a shot. I'm sure you are well-equipped to grasp the reality that women gain power partially through their looks and that most women aren't stupid enough to believe otherwise.

Willow still looks bewildered, so Amelia changes tact.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

A woman exercises, tries to eat healthily, gets a flattering haircut, and dresses for her body type. That's all acceptable to you?

WILLOW

Well... sure...

AMELIA

So, she gets expensive highlights -- they make her eyes pop. And she's always covering her mouth when she smiles because of her snaggletooth, so call in the Invisalign, even though it's not medically necessary. That's understandable, right? But anything after that is excessive? Self-indulgent?

WILLOW

I didn't mean to --

Amelia is growing heated. Decades of pent-up anger seeping through and freaking Willow out.

AMELIA

But this one wrinkle on her forehead draws a straight line right through it, aging her ten years. Everyone thinks she's forty, but she's really thirty. And if that could just be taken care of, she could stop wasting her money on that expensive but seemingly ineffective vitamin C moisturizer. Would that be okay with you?

WILLOW

I'm genuinely sorry if I offended you or your work. You know I think you're brilliant, as does everyone.

Willow is clearly pacifying Amelia, which only pisses Amelia off more, and she grows more emotional.

AMELIA

You assume, as every young woman secretly does, that you'll never be one of these patients. You'll somehow avoid it. No one will question if you add value to the workforce because you will acquire such skill that it will all speak for itself, and your paramours will always look at you the way they do now. But, really, you'll feel the consequences just like everyone else. And one day, you'll sit in that chair, and you'll want every procedure in the book just to remain visible. I hope when that time comes, your doctor won't tell you what you do and do not need.

Amelia stomps off, abandoning Willow, who gapes at where Amelia used to stand.

INT. UCLA - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A scalpel pierces the stomach of a fetal pig cadaver.

WILLOW

I knew derm would be vapid, but I didn't think it'd be so serious.

Willow is in a lab with her best friend and roommate, EMMIE (20), who is undeniably beautiful. A dozen mid-dissection pre-med students fill the classroom.

Out of the judgmental eye of Amelia, Willow is a totally different person.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

And she's actually mean to me.
Like, I know I'm not a model or
whatever, but do you have to point
it out every five seconds? Like,
believe me, I hate my skin too, but
bitch, I'm on a full ride and *still*
broke. Some of us don't have the
funds to be hot!

(correcting Emmie)

You have to cut around the small
intestine.

(back to her rant)

I don't know, dude, some of the
shit she said was kind of crazy...
Maybe I should quit, and wait
tables for the summer... get a
different internship in the fall.

EMMIE

Don't be an idiot. She basically
guarantees her intern gets into
UCLA --

WILLOW

If she likes them! She hates me!

EMMIE

It's only been a few weeks. She
doesn't know what a genius you are.
Seriously. First impressions can be
misleading.

The TEACHER (40s) comes up to their station.

TEACHER

How's it going over here?

He directs the question to Emmie, who smiles radiantly as she
runs her fingers through her long hair. The teacher barely
acknowledges Willow.

EMMIE

I'm excited to identify the mammary
gland. I'm gonna be an OBGYN.

TEACHER

Oh, you would be a natural...

Willow tunes out her teacher fawning over Emmie as she slices the stomach membrane of the pig. She's used to feeling invisible next to her friend.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Don't burst the stomach, Willa.

Willow ignores his mistake and mumbles as he leaves.

EMMIE

Keep your eye on the prize. UCLA med school. Next year. You and me. Then you can drop the derm act and set all the bones your little ortho bro heart desires.

Emmie pinches Willow's cheeks, and Willow sighs.

WILLOW

You're right, and besides, she's one of the only internships that pays. That rich fucking bitch.

Willow's scalpel slips, and stomach bile explodes everywhere.

INT. LITHE - AMELIA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Amelia seethes in front of her desk as she injects her brow with the rose gold serum using a hand mirror. Her cell phone lights up, "Samantha Copeland" is calling. Amelia picks up.

AMELIA

Oh wow, that's fantastic.
Congratulations... Of course, we can find a time for tomorrow.

Amelia's annoyed facial expression does not match her cheery voice as she opens the log and types "Samantha Copeland." A file pops up, along with an image of Samantha.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I don't mind coming in early... All right, I'll see you in the morning.

Samantha's photo smiles brightly at Amelia, who frowns back.

TREATMENT ROOM - MORNING

Amelia sits eye-to-eye with Samantha, who stares at Amelia in awe from the patient chair.

SAMANTHA

Holy. Shit. The study got approved.

AMELIA

We have yet to get approval. I just did dermaplaning. What're you thinking for today?

Samantha scoffs. Amelia avoids her gaze by busying herself.

SAMANTHA

I'm not buying it. But I would... if you were selling it.

AMELIA

When there's something to sell, you'll be the first to know. What're you thinking?

Samantha rolls her eyes in disbelief but drops it for now.

SAMANTHA

What do you recommend?

AMELIA

You've done a peel before, right?

SAMANTHA

I actually haven't.

AMELIA

Let's do that! Get some shiny new skin for your big day.

SAMANTHA

I don't want to look like Trump after a day at Mar-a-Lago --

AMELIA

No, no, this would be a baby peel. It'll just give you a glow. We can do a patch test if you want? It'll just take an extra twenty minutes.

Samantha checks her watch.

SAMANTHA

I really have to get to the office. I trust you.

Amelia pats Samantha comfortingly on the arm, opens the cabinet, and pulls out a bottle that says "PEPTIDE."

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

God, I'm so excited! It feels so validating to be recognized -- and for your brain!

Amelia clutches the Peptide bottle. Her hand drifts to another bottle that reads "PHENOL. DANGER: HIGH LEVELS..." Her breath shakes as she holds the two.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Sometimes you wonder if it's all worth it... the long hours, personal sacrifices, the obsession with perfection. But we do it because we love what we do. In the end, our minds are really the only thing we have to show for ourselves -- I mean, I'm sure you see that more than ever with the whole Barry thing. Although if he saw you now, things might have been different.

(re: her face)

I mean *this* is hard to pass on.

An idea pops into Amelia's head and she somberly puts the Peptide bottle back in the cabinet.

AMELIA

One would think.

HALLWAY - LATER

Amelia leads Samantha to the waiting room.

AMELIA

I'm so proud of you.

SAMANTHA

Love you.

AMELIA

Love you, too.

Amelia watches Samantha leave, a grin frozen on her face.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOME - BEDROOM - SUNRISE

We CANNOT SEE HER FACE as Samantha stretches awake, ready to start the day in her large, sunny bedroom.

Her husband is passed out, spooning her. She gingerly removes his arm from her waist and sleepily stumbles to the bathroom.

SAMANTHA'S HOME - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

HER FACE STILL NOT VISIBLE, Samantha walks to the mirror and opens her bleary eyes, where she sees her own raw, peeling skin. It looks like someone took a waffle iron to her face.

She lets out an EAR PIERCING SCREECH, causing her husband to startle awake and fall out of bed. The shrieking persists as he rushes into the bathroom in his boxers.

HUSBAND

What, what happened?!

At the sight of her face, he slowly backs out of the room. Her wails ring out until we are in --

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Amelia's phone rings. She picks up as she continues calmly chopping a cucumber for breakfast.

DWARKA (O.S.)

Oh, thank god you picked up.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO - MORNING

Staff buzz around Dwarka, preparing for the day's shoots.

AMELIA (O.S.)

What's wrong?

INTERCUT

DWARKA

Samantha dropped out of the shoot. DAY. OF. She was virtually incomprehensible. Something about peeling like a snake in heat. I know it's last minute, but is there any chance you could do it?

Amelia takes the tiniest nibble of her cucumber, satisfied.

INT. AMELIA'S WHITE BENTLEY - MOVING - MORNING

Amelia sings along to Norah Jones's "Don't Know Why."

AMELIA

-- I would die in ecstasy. But I'll be a bag of bones, driving down --

Samantha calls, and Amelia picks up. Samantha is hysterical, and at first, her words sound primarily like vowels.

SAMANTHA
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MY SKIN --

AMELIA
Darling, take a deep breath.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOME - BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Samantha gingerly globs hydrocortisone cream to her face as she cries. Her breath is shaky and uncontrollable, her voice sometimes ascending into an embarrassingly high octave.

SAMANTHA
My entire face is peeling off. I
look like a freak!

INTERCUT

AMELIA
I'm so sorry to hear that. We used
an extremely mild peel, basically
an exfoliant. It must be an
allergic reaction. Use some
hydrocortisone, and it'll go away
in time.

Amelia is comforting but Samantha has begun to hiccup.

SAMANTHA
I'm using it now, and it's not
(hiccup)
doing
(hiccup)
ANYTHING!

Samantha's husband nervously peeks in the doorway with a bottle of Lotrimin.

HUSBAND
I thought some Lotrimin might --

SAMANTHA
I'M NOT PUTTING JOCK ITCH CREAM ON
MY FACE, YOU STUPID FUCK!

Samantha throws a makeup brush at him, and he scurries away. She turns her wrath back to Amelia, tearing up in anger.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Why didn't you warn me, Amelia --

AMELIA

Darling, I told you we should do a patch test, but you said you didn't have time.

SAMANTHA

Oh, bite me, Amelia.

Samantha hangs up and stares at herself miserably as Amelia makes a "yikes" face and pulls up to the studio lot.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

A long leg peeks out from ivory-colored fabric. We MOVE UP AMELIA'S EXPERTLY POSED BODY. She's lying on her side in a plunging goddess-style dress. We ARRIVE at her stunning face.

Employees bustle behind Dwarka. She stands behind the camera with a hot, ambiguously-European photographer, CYRUS (25).

DWARKA

(watching Amelia)

You should see her work. She's more powerful than god.

(she claps her hands)

That's it, people! That's her title! "More Powerful than God!"
Cara! Where the heck is Cara?

She stomps off in search of her assistant.

Cyrus continues snapping pictures of Amelia. He puts down the camera, observes her, then approaches, kneeling at her level.

CYRUS

May I?

Amelia nods, and he gently moves her hand from her hair to her bare thigh, delicately placing it at the angle he wants.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

I hear you are like god.

AMELIA

Only in one area.

CYRUS

Can I guess which one?

Amelia blushes as she smiles up at him.

CHANGING ROOM

Amelia injects the serum into her neck in front of a mirror. There's a knock at the door, and she stashes the needle.

AMELIA

Come in.

Cyrus appears, leaning on the doorframe.

CYRUS

The pictures turned out beautiful.

AMELIA

Oh. Thank you.

CYRUS

You're not surprised, are you?

Amelia takes in the way he's looking at her.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

What're you doing tonight?

AMELIA

Tonight? I have plans.

CYRUS

Well, I'd love to see you if you can squeeze me into your schedule. Even god has a day of rest, no?

Amelia appraises him, his easy, youthful charm.

AMELIA

I'm pretty booked up, but I do have a plus one for an event this weekend.

CYRUS

Sounds fun.

He flashes a cocky grin.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Amelia exits the building's elevator as her cell phone lights up. She sees "Penelope" is calling and answers.

PENELOPE (O.S.)

Do I have gossip for you.

INT. WAXING SALON - SAME TIME

Penelope gets her bikini waxed as she talks on the phone.

PENELOPE
Matilda didn't show up for her
morning recording session.

The WAXER (early 20s) makes a particularly violent ripping motion, and Penelope grimaces.

INT. LITHE'S WAITING ROOM/HALLWAY

Amelia enters, and Willow tries to get her attention. Amelia holds up her index finger, signaling for Willow to hold on.

AMELIA
(carefully calm)
Really?

INTERCUT

PENELOPE
And I heard from Linda, who knows
her publicist, Marta, that
apparently, she was sleeping with
this music producer, George Nafus,
who found out about Barry and then
threatened to drop her album.

WAXER
(quietly)
Do you want it all off?

PENELOPE
Leave a little on the top.

WILLOW
Amelia --

Amelia holds up her finger more aggressively and scowls at Willow, who follows her down Lithe's hallway.

PENELOPE
Also, she was doing a lot of
Ketamine. I mean, you'd have to, to
sleep with George Nafus.

AMELIA
Well, I can't say I'm surprised.
But it's sad she's so troubled.

PENELOPE

Seriously.

One more savage yank.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(as a curse word)

Balenciaga!

Penelope glares at the waxer, who pats her leg maternally.

WAXER

All done.

Amelia arrives at her office door when Willow taps her on the shoulder. Amelia turns toward her as she snaps.

AMELIA

Jesus, what, Willow?

WILLOW

(shaken)

Um, the police are here?

Amelia looks in front of her, where she can now plainly see two police officers, OFFICER KELLIS (40s) and OFFICER BADOSA (30s), sitting on her office couch. Amelia freezes in place, but her voice betrays no reaction.

AMELIA

(to Penelope)

I'll have to call you back.

LATER

Amelia perches in a chair across from the officers.

OFFICER BADOSA

-- You learned they were having an affair, and Matilda goes missing soon after. Often, in these situations, people get jealous, and things get... out of hand.

AMELIA

Of course. I really appreciate the work you do protecting us all, and it's rather embarrassing for me to concern you with my marital issues, but my husband and I did not have a perfect marriage. He's a good man, and of course, I loved him, but we weren't a right fit.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I wasn't surprised by the affair,
and Matilda seems like a lovely
girl. In some ways, it was a relief
when I found out.

Amelia seems authentic, and the officers share a glance.

OFFICER BADOSA

Did she ever come into the office?

AMELIA

The office? Never. I'm happy to
hand over my appointment log and
assist in putting you in contact
with the building's security team
if that would be helpful.

OFFICER BADOSA

Thank you for your cooperation.
What was the conversation with
Matilda like at The Children's
Cancer fund event?

AMELIA

Brief. She didn't seem totally
there, if you know what I mean...
(off the Officer's looks)
She's young and a singer... I think
a lot of them are on Ketamine
nowadays.

The officers nod; they're familiar.

OFFICER KELLIS

We're also looking into your
estranged husband.

Amelia pauses. An idea passes through her mind, and a little
smile plays across her face.

The officers clock this reaction, but before anything seems
too suspicious, Amelia lets out a magnanimous chuckle.

AMELIA

Barry? I'm sorry, Officer Kellis. I
don't mean to laugh. It's just the
man doesn't even know where to take
his dry cleaning. If he did
anything nefarious to that poor
child, I'm sure you would have
figured it out immediately.

Satisfied with her explanation, the officers stand to leave.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I couldn't be more helpful. Do you have any idea where she was supposed to be the night she went missing?

OFFICER BADOSA

Not yet. She seems to have been rather... spontaneous. As of now, there are countless places she could have been. But rest assured, we're looking into them all.

Amelia nods solemnly.

AMELIA

Thank you for your service.

The officers shake her hand, appreciative of her attitude.

INT. LITHE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amelia splashes water on her face. Her hands shake as she dries herself with a washcloth and glares at her face in the mirror as she breathes heavily.

She pulls the gleaming serum out of her lab coat pocket and pours some on her fingertip, but her hands quiver so severely that the vial slips and shatters on the floor.

She drops to her knees, desperately trying to scrape the mess off the floor like a starving animal after a fresh carcass.

AMELIA

Ah!

A sharp inhale as she clutches her finger in pain. She takes a peek and sees a SHARD OF GLASS SLICING DEEP UNDER HER NAIL.

She tries to pull the shard out but cuts her other finger pad. She stifles a yelp as sweat gathers at her temples.

Biting down on her lip, Amelia rips the shard out, blood trickling from both fingers.

HALLWAY

Amelia exits the bathroom, looking clammy and anxious. She jumps as she sees a wary Willow waiting outside.

WILLOW

I'm sorry I let them into your office. I just figured you wouldn't want patients to see.

AMELIA

It's my fault. I shouldn't leave it unlocked around transients.

Amelia brushes her off, but Willow stops her, curious and baffled that Amelia is trying to ignore the officer's visit.

WILLOW

How'd it go? With the police?

AMELIA

Fine. They're looking for this Matilda girl who's gone missing. I'm sure they'll find her soon.

WILLOW

I've actually been meaning to ask you -- usually, I wouldn't remember, but my roommate and I have this running joke about Matilda... she did this TikTok NyQuil Knitting challenge that was... anyway, the day you had me leave early, I thought I saw Matilda was your last appointment?

Amelia is stunned by the audacity of the question.

AMELIA

Well, detective, Matilda would never make an appointment to see me, of all people.

Amelia pushes past Willow and makes her way down the hallway.

WILLOW

Then why would they suspect you?

Amelia stops cold and looks at Willow, void of emotion.

AMELIA

Because my husband was fucking that 24-year-old child. Now, if you'll excuse me, lunch is over.

Willow watches Amelia go, a shiver running up her spine.

WAITING ROOM - LATER

Willow pulls up the computer log, biting her nail and checking over her shoulder. She scrolls back a week to Friday, June 2nd at 5:00 p.m.

But she finds nothing. Just an empty space where Matilda's name should be. Willow taps her fingers in frustration.

INT. UCLA - DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Textbooks are strewn everywhere. Emmie's side of the room is stylish and girly, whereas Willow's looks like she barely put a moment's thought into it beyond sheer utility.

The two munch on In-N-Out as they study on the floor.

WILLOW

I really thought I saw a Matilda in the log, but maybe I'm gaslighting myself or something?

EMMIE

We should do video forensics -- AKA Insta stalk.

They seize the opportunity to put down their textbooks and lie on Emmie's small bed. They pull up Matilda's Instagram on Willow's phone and start scrolling.

EMMIE (CONT'D)

Damn, the comments are a lot nicer now that she's missing.

They scroll until they get to Thursday, June 1st. A video of Matilda singing at the cancer event fills the screen.

WILLOW

That's the day before.

Emmie clicks on a video, goes to the geolocation of the hotel, and they gasp as they spot a picture of Amelia.

EMMIE

Holy shit. They were at the same event the night before. That can't be a coincidence.

WILLOW

The police have to know that already, there are literally hundreds of witnesses.

EMMIE

True.

Back to the drawing board. They click one of Matilda's saved stories from June 1st. ON PHONE SCREEN: Matilda lies in her bed, talking to the camera. She has no makeup on and zooms in on the same zit we saw at the event.

MATILDA (ON PHONE SCREEN)

Adolf fucking Zitler showed up this morning, so I'm gonna use my Naked Indifference spot treatment cream. It has adap-o-line gel --

Matilda mispronounces "adapalene." They skip to the next video.

MATILDA (ON PHONE SCREEN) (CONT'D)

I woke up today, and Zitler is totally gone. I can't believe it...

EMMIE

It's not gone. She's using a filter.

WILLOW

What? How can you tell?

EMMIE

Look at the hairline near her ears. Her sideburns are blurred.

WILLOW

Oh, yeah. So?

EMMIE

So?! What if the zit didn't go away and she had it at the party, meets Amelia --

WILLOW

-- and Amelia says she can take care of it, luring Matilda into her office, where she...

Emmie moves her finger over her neck and the two burst into slumber party-style hysterical laughter.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Okay, we both have watched way too much true crime.

EMMIE

You're right... and the police are looking into it.

WILLOW

You trust the police?

Emmie shrugs and returns to scrolling on her phone as Willow's face falls, unable to quite shake off her doubts.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - ROOM - THE SAME NIGHT

A knock at the hotel room door. Barry, looking like utter shit, doesn't bother getting out of bed and instead yells --

BARRY

What?!

AMELIA (O.S.)

It's your wife.

Barry groans as he gets out of bed and opens the door. In front of him is Amelia, whose appearance is so pristine she might as well be Aubrey Hepburn.

But Barry doesn't even look at her as he turns back around and lies on the couch. Amelia stands there, waiting for him to notice her, but he doesn't.

She rolls her eyes. *Men*. Then, not waiting for an invitation, enters, kicking away a pair of underwear on her way in.

She surveys the place. It looks like he's been on a bender, in a depressive stupor, or both. She sets down her handbag and starts picking up Barry's scattered clothes.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I came here to tell you I obviously won't be using Simon as my lawyer, as I presume you will be. I'll be hiring Darcy instead. You can forward any paperwork to her.

BARRY

You couldn't have texted me this?

AMELIA

I also wanted to make sure you were all right. I heard the news.

Amelia brings the dirty clothes into the bathroom and dumps them in the laundry bin.

BARRY

I suppose I haven't been dealing...
well.

BATHROOM/BEDROOM

Moving quietly but quickly, Amelia rummages around the
bathroom sink.

BARRY (O.S.)

You just don't think someone you
know can disappear.

Barry's words are slightly slurred. He's already had a few.

Amelia squats, opening drawers until she finds one filled
only with untouched feminine products, like a blow dryer.

Barry puts his head in his hands.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I shouldn't be talking
about this with you.

Amelia stands and looks at her face in the mirror. A tiny
patch on her jaw is ever so slightly irritated and pink.

AMELIA

I wouldn't worry too much. She's
young. Flighty. She probably flew
off to Lake Como on a whim.

BEDROOM

Amelia reenters, and Barry finally sees her.

BARRY

Woah. You look good.

Barry sits up, and Amelia is taken aback by the reaction.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I mean, really good. What have you
been doing?

AMELIA

I've just been having more fun
lately. Does the body good.

Barry reaches out from the sofa. Amelia looks at the gesture
and clocks the opportunity. She sits next to Barry.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I might have overreacted about your... tryst. We're adults. You're successful, attractive, charming... of course women want you. Why should you have to pretend you don't want them in return?

BARRY

This is quite the change of tune.

Barry moves his hand to her thigh. Amelia lets it linger before standing.

AMELIA

Yes, well, I didn't expect to say all that... Goodnight, Barry.

Amelia pulls away, but her gaze lingers coyly.

INT. LITHE - AMELIA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

At her desk, Amelia chews her lip as she contemplates a tiny framed photograph of her and Joan. Both look thirty years younger and affectionate in a forced Gap-ad kind of way.

WILLOW (O.S.)

Amelia?

Amelia jumps and sees Willow standing in the doorway with the cordless office phone in her hand.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Sorry! I didn't mean to scare you.

AMELIA

I was just doing some organizing.

Amelia stuffs the photo in the drawer in such a clumsy manner that Willow gets secondhand embarrassment.

WILLOW

Someone called from Elle? They said you forgot to sign a contract for the photoshoot?

Amelia gestures for Willow to hand her the phone, but Willow doesn't move, willing herself to be brave.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I thought your friend, Samantha was doing the shoot --

AMELIA
She couldn't last minute.

WILLOW
Oh no, what happened?

AMELIA
Bad reaction to a peel.

Amelia motions for the phone again, but Willow doesn't budge.

WILLOW
What? One of ours? Which one?

AMELIA
(impatient)
Peptide.

WILLOW
I thought a baby could have a
Peptide peel.

AMELIA
I know. She had an allergic
reaction. Hand me the phone.

Willow obliges and watches as Amelia changes her demeanor,
talking pleasantly to the person on the other line.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Yes... I'll DocuSign today...
You're too kind... Talk soon.

Amelia hangs up and extends her arm with the phone.

Willow walks toward her and takes the phone back. She opens
her mouth to say something and instead backs out of the room.

WAITING ROOM

Willow sits at the front desk, subconsciously picking at a
small zit. She opens the computer and searches "Samantha."

She nervously picks up the phone and then dials. She checks
over her shoulder and lowers her voice.

WILLOW
I was referred by Amelia Williams.
I have, umm... fibroids and thought
I should freeze my eggs...

Willow taps her fingers on the desk, stressed and uncertain
if she's doing the right thing.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Amelia spots a MEDICAL STUDENT (20s) approaching the lab.
Amelia waits for them to swipe their key card.

AMELIA

Would you mind holding the door?

The student waits, and Amelia slips into the lab after them.

HALLWAY

Amelia backs out of the lab, wheeling a cell culture incubator with a frozen Petri dish on top of a trolley.

LITHE - TREATMENT ROOM

Amelia thaws the cells by pipetting the cell culture medium.

AMELIA'S OFFICE - DAWN

Amelia's proposal sits before her as she makes notes in her notebook. Her cell phone alarm goes off.

LATER

Amelia examines the petri dish under a microscope. She sits back, concerned, and writes: "Decreased vesicle secretion, likely due to loss of multipotency in sub-culture. Reculturing won't work. It has to be fresh blood."

She scratches at her face, and flecks of skin flake off.

LATER

Amelia holds up the new serum vial. It's separated like oil and water, with the top layer a dull beige and the bottom a muddy brown. Amelia grimaces at the sight of it.

AMELIA

Dammit.

She puts the vial down. It's not usable.

Her eyes land on the dermatology instruments lying on her desk, among them a scalpel and bone marrow extractor.

She grabs the scalpel, yanks down her shirt, and makes a small, determined cut down her sternum. Blood drips from the slash in her skin.

Amelia grits her teeth as she digs the bone marrow extractor needle into her sternum bone. It's excruciating, and she stops for a moment, unsure if she can go on.

She plunges the extractor deeper, and the veins in her face bulge as she suppresses screams of pain.

With one guttural grunt, she pushes the extractor a layer further and gasps. Her eyes roll back in agony.

Hand shaking, she grasps for an empty syringe and desperately extracts as much of her own bone marrow as she can.

She fills one syringe, rips the extractor from her chest, runs to the trash, and vomits. Blood soaks her shirt.

RAPID SERUM MONTAGE

IN QUICK SUCCESSION: the bone marrow fills a test tube. It's placed in the centrifuge. A minuscule amount of clear gel drops into the Petri Dish. Cell culture medium is added. MICROSCOPIC CLOSE UP of vesicles secreting and multiplying.

Amelia holds up the new vial. It only yields a single drop, but it's the same unmistakable shimmering rose.

She looks around her now messy office, troubled.

INT. EVENT HALL - NIGHT

Hundreds of well-dressed guests mill about the expansive room decorated with burlesque performers.

A giant banner hangs on the stage reading "WE BE-LUNG TOGETHER. LOVERS AGAINST LUNG CANCER" with a cartoon of lungs turned upside down to resemble a heart.

A waitress wearing lingerie and heels offers Amelia, Cyrus, and Dwarka champagne from a tray. Amelia wears a halter top dress to hide the cut on her chest. Dwarka raises her glass.

DWARKA

To getting older but never wiser.

Cyrus makes flirty eye contact with Amelia as they cheers.

Joan joins the group, kissing Dwarka and Amelia on both their cheeks as she addresses Amelia.

JOAN
 You're late.
 (to Dwarka)
 Dwarka, nice to see you.

DWARKA
 You look fabulous as usual, Joan.

Joan sees Cyrus, and her eyes momentarily light up.

JOAN
 And who's this?

Joan extends her hand, and Cyrus kisses it in a manner only a rock star -- or someone who thinks they're a rock star -- could pull off.

Amelia beams, proud her date is a signifier of social cache.

AMELIA
 Cyrus, this is my mother, Joan.
 Mom, this is my date, Cyrus.

Joan surveys Amelia then smirks, feeling her advice worked.

JOAN
 Pilates?
 (then, basically batting
 her eyelashes at Cyrus)
 What's a little mommy issues
 between two grown adults.

AMELIA
 Mom --

JOAN
 You have something on your chin.
 You should go to the powder room.

AMELIA
 Thank you for letting me know.
 Excuse me.

Amelia stomps away with as much dignity as she can muster.

BATHROOM

Amelia surveys the rash around her jaw in the opulent lavatory mirror. She takes out the vial. Barely a drop is left.

Angst fills her face, but she checks to ensure the bathroom is empty, then injects the morsel into her chin.

EVENT HALL

Amelia makes a show of having a good time with Cyrus.

They wrap around each other on the dance floor. They laugh by the bar. She runs her hand through his curly hair at a table.

LATER

Guests mill about as Amelia and Cyrus flirt at the table.

Amelia throws her head back in laughter and catches Barry watching her from across the room. He raises his scotch to her, and she returns her attention to Cyrus.

CYRUS

Refill?

AMELIA

Please.

As soon as Cyrus has left, LuLu swoops in, taking his place.

LULU

I have been watching Barry all night, and he literally won't stop staring at you. If you're trying to make him jealous, it is WORKING.

BARRY (O.S.)

Ladies.

LuLu falls out of her seat, literally. Amelia barely blinks.

LULU

(stumbling back up)
Sorry, I chased champagne with Vicodin. Wait, the other way around.

BARRY

(to Amelia)
Could I speak to you?

LuLu hobbles away, mouthing "Oh my god" to Amelia. Barry settles in the chair.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I recognize that dress. You wore it to Aaron Blum's Bar Mitzvah.

If Amelia is shocked he remembers, she doesn't show it. Instead, she scans the room and notices several people watching and gossiping about them.

Enjoying the public display of Barry groveling, she sits back, forcing Barry to lean toward her.

Barry nods at Cyrus, who's chatting with Dwarka near the bar.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I guess it's your attire for
entertaining children.

Now, Amelia gives him a pointed glance.

AMELIA

Speaking of, heard from Matilda
yet?

BARRY

(brash confidence)

I have no clue where she is. And
despite whatever you've heard, you
know I had nothing to do with it.
But I'm not too concerned with the
rumors. Justice always prevails in
the end. Besides, I think you're
right. She's on a bender somewhere.

(seductive)

Right now, all I'm thinking about
is you. And what you're wearing
underneath that very expensive
shred of fabric.

AMELIA

Don't be lewd in public.

Amelia gestures for him to come closer and whispers.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Save it for your hotel room.

BARRY

Tonight?

Barry raises his eyebrows as Amelia gives him a coquettish smile.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting.

Cyrus arrives back from the bar, and Barry gets up to leave.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(to Cyrus, cockily)
Have a nice time.

Amelia spots Joan talking to a veiled figure in the corner.
Amelia is drawn to them.

AMELIA
(to Cyrus)
Would you excuse me?

She approaches Joan.

JOAN
You're just in time. I was telling
Samantha how you used to poke your
classroom fish's eyes out.

AMELIA
Anatomical curiosity. A precursor
for any medical degree.

Samantha turns to Amelia, but her large black veil keeps us
from seeing her face. Amelia is spooked.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'm sure you would agree, Samantha.
(no response)
How is the reaction?

Samantha slowly lifts the shroud, revealing her blistering
and slimy face, which has turned a ghastly combination of
purple, brown, and pink.

Joan spits a mouthful of vodka back into her Martini while
Amelia maintains a poker face. Samantha lowers the cloth
again, covering the damage.

SAMANTHA
I'm assuming you have a plan to fix
this.

AMELIA
Why don't you make an appointment
and we'll talk solutions there.

Joan looks between the two, noting the tension.

SAMANTHA
Looking forward to it.

AMELIA
Sure. If you'll excuse me.

Samantha watches Amelia grab Cyrus at the bar.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Drive me home?

The two leave as Joan judges them from afar, finishing off yet another Martini.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cyrus and Amelia kiss in the middle of the room. Cyrus uses tongue, but Amelia tries to dodge the wetness, keeping her mouth closed.

Cyrus runs his hand up her leg and under her dress. His hand slips into her underwear.

His arm moves in a motion that suggests he's fingering her. Amelia has no reaction to his attempts at stimulation. Cyrus makes a face of dissatisfaction.

CYRUS
Are you always so dry?
(off Amelia's dirty look)
Do you have any lube?

AMELIA
No.

CYRUS
Well, we gotta get you warmed up,
don't we?

He makes a show of getting on his knees and starts kissing up her body. Before he reaches her genitals, Amelia has an idea, and her countenance shifts from boredom to intrigue.

She grabs him by the hair and yanks his head up so he is still kneeling but making eye contact with her.

AMELIA
Sit on the couch.

CYRUS
(excited)
Yes, Doctor.

He flops on the couch as Amelia stands in front of him. Her heart is pounding as she takes control.

He grabs her thigh, but Amelia removes his hand. Cyrus is confused and tries again, but Amelia brushes away his touch.

AMELIA

No, no.

FROM A DISCREET ANGLE, Cyrus watches as Amelia slips her dress straps off her shoulders, revealing her breasts. The gash on her chest is barely visible in the low light.

He reaches out to fondle her chest, but Amelia takes a step back, and he pauses.

CYRUS

What are you doing?

Amelia swallows her nerves down as she dares to ask for what she really wants.

AMELIA

Touch yourself.

Cyrus unbuttons his pants and starts masturbating (off-screen), intrigued and slightly annoyed by this dirty game.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Tell me what you see.

CYRUS

I see a beautiful woman... Who I want to ravage.

AMELIA

Well, you can't.

CYRUS

That's not fun, is it?

AMELIA

You're lucky to look at me.

Amelia takes another step back and unzips the rest of her dress, letting it fall to the ground. FROM A DISCREET ANGLE, she is now completely naked.

Cyrus's breath grows quick and ragged.

CYRUS

Please... I want to...

AMELIA

Well, since you said "please"...

CYRUS

Really?

AMELIA
(sadistic pleasure)
No.

Amelia observes, complete satisfaction in her eyes, as Cyrus climaxes and ejaculates on himself.

Cyrus recovers, befuddled at what just happened, while Amelia is also flush, having just fulfilled her secret fantasy.

IN. AMELIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Cyrus is passed out in bed next to Amelia. Barely visible in the dark, Amelia itches her face as she sleeps. She scratches so vigorously that she wakes up.

BATHROOM

Amelia turns on the light and sits in front of her vanity. She gasps. Her skin is dry and tinged grey.

She pulls back the skin on her forehead and releases it, noting that her wrinkles have returned and are more defined than ever. Her previously barely-there jowl is back twofold.

The strange rash around her jawline has worsened into a grotesque, bubbling nightmare.

She gets so close to the mirror that her face is practically pressed against it and peels off a layer of flaking skin from her jaw. She cringes in horror at the debris in her hand.

She paces around her bathroom, trying to calm down.

AMELIA
I don't need... I don't need it...

She takes one deep breath and heads to her bedroom, but at the sight of Cyrus, she's pulled back to the mirror.

Her eyes zoom in on the rash. The wrinkles. Her jowls. Then, finally, to her eyes, where she sees her own naked fear staring back at her.

She takes out the vial from her purse. Not a drop is left.

INT. KOREAN SPA - EARLY MORNING

Amelia trudges from a sauna room to the bathroom, where she washes her still grotesque face in the sink.

She's assessing her face when a toilet flushes and none other than Penelope emerges from a stall in a towel, dripping sweat.

PENELOPE

Amelia?!

Amelia blanches at the sight of Penelope and ducks her head, drying her face with a paper towel.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I come to KTown because it's east of the 405! I thought no one we know would ever set foot here.

AMELIA

Me too.

PENELOPE

You too?!

Penelope starts cackling and clutching Amelia, invading her personal space. Amelia awkwardly laughs along, trying to escape as fast as possible.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Honey, I went to BOA last night and drank my weight in mimosas. I got here at 2 a.m. and fell asleep in the clay sauna room. I'm telling you, those minerals cure EVERYTHING. Can't get through a hangover without them.

Penelope notices Amelia's appearance and gasps.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Amelia... your face! What happened?

AMELIA

Oh, this? It's just the first stage of a new chemical peel. I'll look like a newborn in a few hours. It's not even on the market yet, but it's what J. Lo uses.

PENELOPE

Impressive.

Penelope scrutinizes herself in the mirror while Amelia hurriedly packs up her belongings.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Amelia, I really need another 2ml
of filler --

AMELIA
You got buccal fat removal three
weeks ago, Penelope. I'm really not
allowed to --

PENELOPE
(whining)
I know, but I can't have more press
pictures with this current
situation.

AMELIA
(sarcastic)
Try Costa Rica. I'm sure someone
there will do it.

PENELOPE
That is such a great idea.

AMELIA
Uh-huh. It was good seeing you --

Amelia tries to leave, but Penelope steps in front of her.
She grabs Amelia's hand and places it on her own stomach.
Amelia cringes, but Penelope holds tightly onto her arm.

PENELOPE
My stomach's never been the same
after the twins. Is that why you
never had kids, Amelia?

Amelia shrugs, but we can see that the answer is yes.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
You were always smarter than the
rest of us. At least having kids
came with tits and ass.

She drops Amelia's hand and turns back to the mirror. Amelia
takes the opportunity to slink behind Penelope. She's just
about out the door when Penelope says --

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
You always had the flattest ass.
But don't worry, I'm sure boy hips
will come back in style soon.

Amelia stops in her tracks. Vitriol in her eyes. She gazes at
Penelope with a cold smile, then steps toward her.

AMELIA
You're good at keeping secrets,
Penelope, aren't you?

Penelope nods, excited at the prospect of hearing something juicy. Amelia advances until she's so close to Penelope that she's whispering.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'll give you your filler a little early. But you have to promise not to tell a single soul. It could ruin my reputation or worse.

PENELOPE
I promise. I promise, Amelia.

AMELIA
We could go right now before my office officially opens.

Penelope lights up like it's Christmas day.

INT. LITHE - WAITING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Penelope is forearm-deep in a bucket of samples, piling dozens into her purse. Amelia watches patiently.

PENELOPE
-- Ozempic's basically got me chained to my house with the runs -- but it's so worth it -- I haven't had this little desire for food since my Adderall rehab stint.

AMELIA
Thrilling. Why don't we have a little spritzer while we're here?

TREATMENT ROOM

Penelope lounges in the patient chair as Amelia hands her a glass of wine. They cheers as Amelia studies Penelope.

AMELIA
How long has it been since you had your elevens done?

Penelope slaps her hand over her forehead.

PENELOPE
Five weeks. Why?!

AMELIA

You might be ready for a boost. I'm happy to do a little for free, and then we'll get to the filler.

PENELOPE

That is so sweet! Thank you!

AMELIA

Just relax. You must be exhausted after organizing "We Be-Lung."

Amelia preps as Penelope closes her eyes, relaxing.

PENELOPE

You have no idea. Apparently, it's a total faux pas to have naked wait staff -- no, sorry, naked FEMALE wait staff --

(annoyed)

If it was all banana hammocks, it would be totally fine --

AMELIA

Libtards.

Amelia fills a syringe with Botox.

PENELOPE

Tell me about it.

Amelia plunges the needle between Penelope's eyebrows.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Oh! A little stingy-sting! Is it weird that I like it when it hurts? It's how I know it's working.

Penelope blinks her eyes open and then frowns.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I -- Amelia? I can't see anything?

Amelia disposes of the equipment as Penelope rubs her eyes and then opens them again, trying desperately to see.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Amelia. Why can't I see?

AMELIA

(calm)

The neurotoxic protein, clostridium botulinum, commonly referred to as Botox, paralyzes neurotransmitters, specifically, acetylcholine, which aids muscle contraction --

PENELOPE

I don't give a shit how it works, Amelia. Are you listening to me?! I can't see! Maybe some eye drops would -- do you have eye drops? --

Penelope starts to panic and knocks over her wine glass, which shatters on the ground.

Penelope stands and fumbles around the room, grasping at anything she can find as she tries to escape. Amelia lets her, almost amused, as she continues her sermon.

AMELIA

When used correctly, Botox is a benign drug that prevents muscles from contracting, slowing the formation of wrinkles. In rare cases, when misused, the toxin can spread to the optic nerve, which carries information to the brain, paralyzing the neurotransmitter and leading to impaired vision or, in severe cases, blindness.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!
Oh my god, you're crazy.
YOU'RE CRAZY.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

You did this on purpose! I always knew you were jealous of me! It's because I have tits and a fucking ass like a real woman!

Penelope's words halt Amelia and she smiles as Penelope continues groping for the exit.

AMELIA

You know what I've always liked about you Penelope? Women say a lot of things that sound good but don't mean much. You don't understand what sounds good, or how others see you, and so you have no choice but to be your rotted, deluded self. It seems luxurious. I've been watching myself since I can remember...

PENELOPE

(desperate)

Amelia! Amelia! What are you doing?
I can't see! I can't see! Help!

Amelia gazes at the helpless Penelope, knowing she won't make it through this.

AMELIA

I watched myself through Barry's
eyes as he left... trying not to
let my lips collapse in on
themselves or clench my brow... Do
you think all women do that?

Amelia turns on the liquid nitrogen machine as she muses. She sees Penelope has finally found the doorknob to the exit.

PENELOPE

Oh, thank you, Jesus.

Penelope twists and almost opens the door when Amelia's hand appears and GRABS HER BY THE HAIR.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

WATCH THE EXTENSIONS!

Amelia yanks Penelope back onto the patient chair, shoves the liquid nitrogen nozzle down her throat, and sprays.

Penelope flails in agony, freezing from the inside.

She claws at Amelia in vain but can't see anything, and Amelia easily swats her arms away.

Penelope tries kicking left and right, which quickly proves to be a pathetically useless strategy.

Amelia is unflinching as Penelope coughs and sputters, which eventually becomes a dry choke.

Finally, Penelope's body slackens, eyes wide in terror, mouth agape and icy blue.

Amelia pulls her hand away from the back of Penelope's head and sees a tuft of Penelope's hair extensions caught between her fingers. She grimaces and flings it to the floor.

Amelia opens Penelope's purse and takes out Penelope's cell phone. She types in the password: 0116.

AMELIA

Kate Moss's birthday. How could I
ever forget?

She opens a search engine and types "flights to Costa Rica."

Amelia checks her watch. It's 7:30 AM.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - BATHROOM - MORNING

Amelia examines her face. While it looks flawless again, it is missing the ethereal glow that the first serum produced.

She inspects the serum, which is significantly less glossy and has more of a brown tinge.

She writes in a notebook: Extra vesicles secreted by young blood cells work better than older...

Nevertheless, she smothers her face with the fresh serum.

INT. IVF CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Willow sits, studying from a medical textbook. She unconsciously shreds a page.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

The doctor is ready to see you.

SAMANTHA'S OFFICE

A figure in a large black veil sits across from Willow at a desk. While her face is completely covered, we can tell from the voice and setting that the figure is Samantha.

Willow is awkward, not sure how to interact with the veil.

SAMANTHA

I apologize for my appearance.

WILLOW

Oh, I didn't even... notice.

SAMANTHA

I got a little work done that didn't go too well.

WILLOW

With Amelia?

SAMANTHA

Right, you're a referral. Yes, with Amelia.

WILLOW
Can she fix it?

SAMANTHA
You'd think she'd be able to, but
apparently, I must wait it out.

Willow's spots the degrees on Samantha's wall. One is a medical degree from UCLA. She steals herself to dig further.

WILLOW
Did you two meet in med school?

SAMANTHA
Oh, yes.

WILLOW
What was she like? Sorry, it's just
she's always been an enigma.

Samantha leans back in her chair and thinks.

SAMANTHA
She was very focused, top of our
class, our teachers worshiped her.

WILLOW
Really? Why?

SAMANTHA
Well, she came up with this
research proposal that the faculty
simply lost it over -- which turned
out to be a flop, unfortunately --

WILLOW
What do you mean?

SAMANTHA
It's been rejected by the board at
Cedars for years and years. It was
rejected this year, too -- she
doesn't know I know, please don't
tell her --

WILLOW
If it's so groundbreaking, why does
it keep getting rejected?

SAMANTHA
Apparently, it would take an unholy
amount of human tissue.

The veil turns slightly as Samantha cocks her head at Willow.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Wait, how do you know Amelia?

Willow hesitates and then decides it's too risky to lie.

WILLOW

I work for her. I'm her new intern.

A lightbulb goes off for Samantha as she scrutinizes Willow, not totally believing her questions are benign. She leans in.

SAMANTHA

What has she really been up to?

A moment of tension as Willow turns pale.

WILLOW

Oh, no, nothing. I didn't mean to imply anything... and I hope that... I mean, you can't... doctor-patient confidentiality, right?

SAMANTHA

Yes, of course.

WILLOW

Okay, great, umm, should we talk about the egg-freezing process?

Samantha allows the subject to change, but it's clear both her and Willow's gears have started turning.

SAMANTHA

First, we determine...

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - AFTERNOON

Amelia floats down the street as she listens to voicemails.

BARRY (V.O.)

Hey, baby, it's me. You never came over the other night. I'd love to see you again.

She deletes the message and immediately receives a text from him: a nude mirror selfie with his dick in hand. Amelia grimaces as she deletes the voicemail.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Amelia, it's Sam. I caught wind of some very exciting progress regarding your study.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You might want to call me before
word gets out... You owe me,
Amelia.

Amelia mouths "shit" as she puts her phone away and enters a restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - PATIO - AFTERNOON

Untouched gem lettuce salads sit off to the side as Amelia's Elle prints take up the table. Amelia takes in every detail.

DWARKA

You look flawless. Just flawless.
Of course, we did a little
airbrushing. Mainly around the
eyes. These young bitches don't
know how thankful they should be
for the whites of their eyes.

Dwarka chuckles conspiratorially, then playfully prying.

DWARKA (CONT'D)

Though, the way you're heading,
maybe we'll retire airbrushing all
together.

AMELIA

Oh, stop.

DWARKA

Why won't you tell me what you've
been doing? Honey, I know it's
probably a little extravagant, but
Dwarka never judges, and I've heard
it all.

"It all" is mired in some vague darkness.

AMELIA

Really, it's just diet, sleep, and
a good moisturizer.

DWARKA

Well, let me know if you do feel
like talking. I know people who can
get anything done.

Dwarka puts her hand on Amelia's, and they lock eyes.

DWARKA (CONT'D)

Anything.

For a moment, it's as if Dwarka knows Amelia's secret. Amelia is tempted to tell her, but she knows she can't. Amelia pulls her hand away, and the spell is broken.

DWARKA (CONT'D)

Anyway, the real reason I wanted us to have lunch is that the internal response to the photos has been insane. I mean, people love you, and not just Cyrus.

Dwarka winks.

AMELIA

People love me?

DWARKA

Love you, want to fuck you, want to be you, kill you, whatever. You should seize this moment to revamp your line. It hasn't been updated in forever, and let's be honest, the buzz has become a whisper. Right now, you're known as a doctor, not for your products. I think you can have both. I'm talking about franchising, baby.

Amelia mulls this over. She has a point.

DWARKA (CONT'D)

You're hitting the zeitgeist at the perfect time. Companies want to look woke, which means different types of spokespeople. And with you, it's a win-win. They get the cred of someone middle-aged with the body of a thirty-year-old. What's not to love? And to think, Samantha almost did the shoot instead of you!

AMELIA

Everything happens for a reason, I guess... Could I hold on to a copy of the mockup?

Amelia picks up the image and --

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - WALTER ELROD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Slams it on Walter Elrod's desk like a trump card.

AMELIA

I think this would be an appropriate time to reconsider my proposal.

Reclining in his office chair, Walter picks up the magazine and glances at it before tossing it back on his desk.

WALTER

I don't want to minimize this... accomplishment. But it's not exactly a Nobel Prize. I mean, a minuscule portion of the population actually cares about this magazine.

Amelia's eye twitches.

AMELIA

Half is minuscule?

Walter considers arguing this point but instead sizes Amelia up and changes tact, pandering to her.

WALTER

I'm sure, in certain circles, this is quite thrilling. I apologize for my ignorance... Maybe this would be a good time to go on a sabbatical, celebrate a little, and relax. You seem quite tense lately, Amelia --

AMELIA

A sabbatical is the last -- Walter, you don't understand what you're passing up, what this would mean.

Unlike in their first conversation, Amelia has become slightly undone and can't mask her unbridled ambition with pleasantries.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I invented something remarkable, and I wish to profit from and be recognized for it.

Walter raises his eyebrows.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I see that look on your face. Why is this so hard to take seriously?

Walter stifles a disbelieving smile. Amelia shakes her head, realizing how futile this is. She makes a decision and, in a blink, snaps back to her guise as a classy, savvy woman.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You'll have to excuse me. I really
can be stubborn, can't I?

Walter's eyes narrow. The sudden personality shift is
disquieting.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for wasting your time. I
got a little excited and...

(deadpan)

PMS.

SERUM/KILLING SPREE MONTAGE

At a Beverly Hills nightclub, Amelia chats with a drunk 18-
YEAR-OLD GIRL decked out in head-to-toe Givenchy clothes with
huge labels. The girl points to her smile lines.

In her office, Amelia scrapes away layers of the girl's skin
using a dermaplaning tool until it becomes raw flesh, and the
girl's eyes widen in panic. Amelia slits her throat with the
instrument.

Amelia strips blood and tendons from a femur.

Amelia hikes Runyon Canyon at dawn. She stops a FIT WOMAN
hiking alone with a face full of makeup. Amelia points,
asking for directions.

In her office, Amelia pumps the fit woman's face with filler
until it bloats and bleeds.

Amelia plops the femur in a vat of alkaline hydrolysis.

Amelia plays pickleball at a country club with a PARTNER.

Later in the country club bathroom, the partner rants nonstop
as she points to problem lines on her neck.

Back in her office, Amelia performs a PLA thread lift by
sliding a needle through the pickleball partner's jaw. It
snakes under her skin, then Amelia suddenly jolts it forward,
and the other side punctures through the woman's chin.

The woman gasps as Amelia yanks on both sides of the thread.
Blood splatters Amelia's surgical mask.

Blood spurts from a woman's sternum. We hear a distant,
rhythmic THWAPPING SOUND.

Vials spin in the centrifuge. The same concoction we've seen
before mixes together. Thwap.

Several vials of the rose gold serum sit on the desk. The thwapping grows louder. Thwap. Thwap. THWAP.

WILLOW (PRE-LAP)
-- *She's doing some sort of crazy
Mrs. Fucking Mengele experiment* --

INT. UCLA - DORM ROOM - THE SAME NIGHT

Emmie tries in vain to bury her head in a textbook. The THWAP is Willow repeatedly throwing a stress ball against the wall as she rants.

WILLOW
-- I'm telling you --

Emmie finally slams her textbook shut and snatches the ball from Willow's hand.

EMMIE
I can't hear you obsess about this anymore! I get it, you're stressed, and finding a little escapism, or whatever. But we've reached a point where we're getting into cuckoo territory! Cuckoo! She's not killing people and making the fountain of fucking youth. You have officially lost the plot. And if you really believe that, then go to the police.

WILLOW
I have no proof! Maybe I should --

EMMIE
Oh my god, stop! It's just easier to focus on this than what you're actually anxious about! Your interview is tomorrow, the entire reason you're working for her in the first place. Why don't we practice for that instead?

WILLOW
I can't focus. I'll wake up early tomorrow!

EMMIE
(genuinely concerned)
Have you eaten today?

WILLOW
I'm not hungry.

Willow gets in bed and scrolls her phone in a huff.

INT. LITHE - TREATMENT ROOM - MORNING

Samantha sits smugly on the treatment chair as Amelia applies the serum to her still-red face.

AMELIA
Thank you for coming in on the weekend. I haven't told my intern yet about my little experiment, and I'm not quite ready to go public.

SAMANTHA
Understandable.

AMELIA
But this is perfect, actually. It's like my own little clinical trial.

Amelia turns on the microdermabrasion machine.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOME - BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Samantha beams in front of the mirror. Behind her is Amelia, also looking at Samantha as if she's just fallen in love.

Samantha turns around, speechless.

AMELIA
It's...

SAMANTHA
Perfect.

Amelia puts her hand on Samantha's face, running her fingers over the smoothness of her skin. Samantha blushes and lowers her eyes. Her voice comes out in almost a whisper.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I don't want to know.
(then, setting her terms)
Every six weeks.

Amelia nods, still mesmerized at her creation.

INT. LITHE - WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Amelia breezes in with a devilish grin on her face as she slips her office keys into her coat pocket.

AMELIA
Good morning, underling!

Amelia stops as she sees Willow, who is slouching at the receptionist's desk. Her face is puffy, her eyes red and swollen. She avoids Amelia's gaze.

WILLOW
Hi, Amelia. I just have to
decontaminate Room Four before --

AMELIA
Have you been crying?

WILLOW
I'm so sorry. This is so
unprofessional.

Seeing Willow weak and vulnerable, Amelia takes advantage and leans in for "girl talk."

AMELIA
Come on, I'm giving you a little
pick me up. It always makes me feel
better.

Willow is surprised at Amelia's seemingly kind gesture.

TREATMENT ROOM

Willow scrunches into the treatment chair, and Amelia hands her the small ice packs used before Botox.

AMELIA
Hold these over your eyes for the
swelling. What happened?

Willow does as she's told, and Amelia's faux friendliness drops as she watches Willow coldly for a moment before turning to prepare the injection.

WILLOW
Umm, I had my UCLA interview, and
it didn't go amazing.

Willow's voice breaks, and it all comes out in hysterical sobs. Amelia cringes at the dramatics.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I bombed it, and I have no one to blame but myself. I just can't focus lately. It doesn't matter. I wasn't going to get in anyway.

AMELIA

(genuinely confused)

Why? I hired you precisely because of your academic credentials. Lord knows it wasn't for fashion tips.

Amelia uses the syringe to suck Botox from the vial, then steps toward Willow, positioning the needle between her eyebrows IN THE SAME SPOT SHE USED TO BLIND PENELOPE.

Willow is shocked Amelia thought she would get in and takes a deep breath. The truth is so painful that it has never entered Willow's consciousness.

WILLOW

Because it's not enough. I'm not...
None of it's enough.

Amelia freezes as Willow lowers the ice packs, and tears trickle down her face.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I try so hard, and it never...

As Willow has a full breakdown, Amelia stares, like something inside her is either malfunctioning or melting. She lowers the needle.

AMELIA

I... I understand.

WILLOW

Really?

Willow waits for a response, but Amelia is lost in her thoughts. Willow searches her face and sees real pain there. Willow eyes the Botox needle.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I've never done it before.

AMELIA

You'll barely feel a pinch.

Amelia injects the Botox into the skin around Willow's eyes. The gesture is gentle and almost loving.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

All done.

Willow and Amelia are lost in this moment of connection. Willow opens her mouth as if she's about to say something when they hear a muffled BANGING NOISE.

WAITING ROOM

Willow opens the office door to see Officer Bedosa and Officer Kellis waiting impatiently.

WILLOW

Officers! How can I help you?

OFFICER BEDOSA

Is Dr. Williams in? We're here to talk to her about the disappearance of Penelope Wessex.

Willow's eyes widen, and she turns to see Amelia standing in the hallway door. Willow studies Amelia.

AMELIA

I'll take it from here, Willow.
Prepare the treatment rooms?

Willow nods. As she passes Amelia, she slips her hand into Amelia's lab coat pocket, stealing her office keys. Amelia is so distracted by the officers that she doesn't notice.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Last I heard, Penelope was in Costa Rica getting work done.

Amelia crosses to the office front door and locks it.

HALLWAY

Willow presses her ear to the door, listening intently.

WAITING ROOM

Officer Kellis scrutinizes Amelia while Bedosa wanders around the waiting room, picking up objects and examining them.

OFFICER KELLIS

We did find a one-way ticket to Costa Rica, but her husband says he never heard anything about it.

AMELIA

Of course, he wouldn't know. This stays between you and me, officers, but they haven't slept in the same bed together in ten years.

OFFICER BEDOSA

Sure, but couldn't she afford to have the procedure here?

AMELIA

Price was not the issue. She wanted filler before the Sarcoma Soiree next month and -- I don't want to bore you with the details -- but let's just say no ethical doctor would be willing to oblige so soon after a recent procedure.

Amelia sucks her cheeks in like she's imitating a fish, implying Penelope has had cosmetic surgery recently.

The officers look at each other. Amelia reads this as them thinking she isn't being as sympathetic as she could be.

HALLWAY

Willow sneaks to Amelia's office door, which she unlocks with Amelia's key.

AMELIA'S OFFICE

Willow scurries around, searching for anything suspicious.

She opens cabinets filled with so many rows of skincare products it might as well be Sephora.

A glimmer from the back catches her eye, and Willow moves a few bottles aside before finding the rose gold serum with a pile of unopened syringes next to it.

WILLOW

Huh. No label?

She puts the bottle down and keeps looking. Of course, the rest of the office is pristine, but she spots a file cabinet drawer. She tries to open it, but it's locked.

Willow opens the desk drawer. She finds the photo of Amelia and Joan that she caught Amelia looking at before. She's momentarily taken in by the photograph. The dissonant display of forced affection.

She flips over the frame and pops off the back, where she finds a small cabinet drawer key. She grasps it and unlocks the file cabinet.

She thumbs through many files until she gets to the very back, where a set of worn files catches her attention.

She takes them out and realizes it's Amelia's proposal. She takes out her phone and snaps several pictures, then sits in Amelia's chair and starts perusing the pages, enthralled.

Different phrases pop out at her: "...heterochronic exchange..." "...PRP monotherapy avails only modest benefits..."

She thinks for a moment, then eyes the serum bottle again.

WAITING ROOM

Amelia starts tearing up.

AMELIA

I'm sorry, I just... I can't believe she's missing. Penelope is one of my closest friends, and I can't help but feel responsible -- she asked me to perform the procedure -- but I refused and made an off-color joke about her going to Costa Rica. She must have taken it seriously. God knows what they shovel into their bodies in Central America. The regulations just can't be up to par... It's too gruesome to think about.

Amelia's display of misplaced guilt is persuasive, and the officers lean in.

OFFICER BEDOSA

It's not your fault, Dr. Williams. It sounds like Penelope was going to get her fix from somewhere.

Amelia dabs her tears, Bachelor contestant-style.

AMELIA'S OFFICE

Willow studies the bottle. She notices the top has a press-in bottle adapter, which is only used for needles.

She looks over her shoulder, then takes a syringe and pulls a minuscule amount. She grimaces as she injects it into her forearm and watches. Nothing substantial happens.

As she sets the container down and exhales in frustration, she catches her reflection in Amelia's wall mirror.

She can't help but examine her face. The crying has made her acne look extra inflamed.

She snaps out of it and moves to replace the bottle, but instead impulsively injects the serum into a few zits. As soon as she's done it, she gasps in panic.

WILLOW

Oh my god! That was stupid!

She hurriedly places the serum back in the cabinet as she mutters to herself.

Suddenly, Willow hears the front door close, and she nearly jumps out of her skin.

Willow leaps into action, shoving the bottle back in place and the files into the FRONT of the cabinet. She locks the cabinet and secures the key back into the frame.

AMELIA (O.S.)

Willow?

Willow stands just as Amelia opens the door.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing in my office?

Willow inches out of the room as she comes up with a lie.

WILLOW

Room Three needed a restock. I thought the alcohol pads were in here, but they're not!

AMELIA

(challenging)

So you broke into my office?

WILLOW

The door was unlocked. Sorry if I overstepped! Gonna track down those pads now, so don't even... worry!

Amelia searches her pockets for the keys but can't find them. Willow is almost out the door when Amelia warns --

AMELIA

Willow. Part of being a good doctor
is knowing your limits.

(tactical)

I wouldn't give up on UCLA just
yet. Jay, in admissions, is a dear
friend. You've only a week left of
this internship, and you've
certainly made quite the
impression.

Unsure if she's being complimented or threatened, Willow just
nods and then rushes out of the room.

Amelia locks the door, glaring at where Willow once stood.
Then, she takes out her cell phone and sees a missed
voicemail from "Mom."

She plays the message as she opens the product cabinet,
searching for anything misplaced. As she listens to Joan's
call, she becomes more and more worn down.

JOAN (V.O.)

Amelia, it's your mother calling. I
thought I should say in case you
didn't recognize my voice since you
don't call. Suzanne from the MOCA
board recommended these home nail
technicians to me, but I don't want
them in my house -- immigrants. You
can never be too careful. I'm
sending them to yours on Saturday.
One O'Clock. I'll ask if they can
bring that ghastly gruel color you
like.

Amelia deletes the message and sits in her chair, exhausted.

She unlocks the file cabinet and, instinctually, goes to the
back to pull out the research paper.

Unable to find it, she panics, and quickly flips through the
rest of the files until she gets to the very front.

Her eyes narrow as she pulls the paper from the FRONT OF THE
CABINET. She looks toward the door, processing.

Then, she shoves the papers in her purse and grabs the serums
from the product cabinet, burying them in her bag.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amelia looks in the mirror, rotating her head in a circle in completion of her body-checking routine.

She turns her attention to the microdermabrasion machine next to her and starts massaging the serum onto her legs, working her way up her body.

She arrives at her inner thigh to find an ingrown hair on her bikini line. She feels it and then gently picks at it.

She puts the serum down, lifts one leg on the counter to get a better view, and squeezes the bump.

Nothing comes out except a bit of blood.

She claws at it with her index finger until a gash opens wide enough to dig her nail into.

Growing frantic, she emits a guttural grunt as she bores deeper, opening the pore, blood trickling down her leg.

She finally, valiantly plucks out the single offending pubic hair and leans back as a look of relief washes over her face.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Barry flings the door open.

BARRY

What're you doing here?

Amelia waltzes into the room, ignoring him as she throws her purse on a table.

Barry's drunk enough that he isn't hiding his annoyance well.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I waited up for you for hours the other night.

AMELIA

I was busy. You knew that.

Barry is surprised by her chutzpah and approaches her.

BARRY

Did you kiss him?

AMELIA

Well, obviously. You saw him.

Barry takes her by the arms and kisses her hard on the mouth.

LATER

Amelia's legs rest on Barry's shoulder as he hunches over her, thrusting with all his might. He's huffing and puffing like he's running a marathon as she yawns in boredom.

AMELIA
Are you almost done?

BARRY
Hold on.

He pulls out and vigorously masturbates (off-screen), trying to get hard, as Amelia stares unapologetically.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(to his genitals)
Come on, come on.

AMELIA
(no affect)
You can do it, little buddy.

BARRY
(dirty talking to Amelia)
What would Matilda do if she knew I
was here with you?

AMELIA
Roll over in her grave.

BARRY
(not listening to her)
There we go.

He throws Amelia's thighs apart and starts fucking her again.

She checks her cuticles as he climaxes and then rolls over, glistening in sweat.

LATER

Barry, donning an evidently ineffective CPAP machine, snores next to Amelia. She sits up and watches in disgust as drool bubbles and slides out of Barry's mouth.

She quietly opens the bedside table drawer. In it, she sees a few condoms, some cash, and a Swiss Army Knife.

She takes the Swiss Army knife and flips the blade open, running her fingers along the corkscrew. The scissors. She lingers on the nail file.

Amelia licks her lips and glances at Barry again as he lets out a particularly obnoxious snore.

Amelia takes something out of her skirt pocket and slips it into the vent next to the bed.

Then, she spots his cell phone on top of the bedside table. She summons all her self-control and returns the Swiss Army knife to its original spot.

She picks up his phone and tries to unlock it with Barry's face. The phone rebuffs her attempt, so Amelia uses her other hand to pull Barry's eyelids up so his eyes are forced open.

The phone unlocks, and Amelia types on the keypad, her face lit from below like a child telling a ghost story.

MORNING

Amelia lies awake, a satisfied smile on her face. Barry stirs and starts groping Amelia's breast.

BARRY

Shall we?

Amelia removes his arm as if it's a dirty tissue, then starts getting dressed.

AMELIA

I'm afraid we shan't.

BARRY

What, why?

AMELIA

Well, I'm having a lot of fun with Cyrus, and he doesn't have the same (motions to his genitals) limitations. The splendors of a young body. You understand.

Barry, still wearing his CPAP, is speechless in humiliation.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Amelia departs the hotel room with a smirk. The door closes, and she turns, noting the room number: 237.

INT. AMELIA'S WHITE BENTLEY - MOVING - NIGHT

Amelia happily weaves through the Hollywood Hills. She parks and climbs out of her car while dialing a number.

EXT. AMELIA'S HOME - NIGHT

As she waits for the other line to pick up, Amelia picks up several packages from the ground, unlocks the front door, and saunters into the foyer.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amelia sets the packages on the kitchen counter, strolls to the fridge, and pours herself a glass of wine.

AMELIA

-- I visited a friend at your hotel over the weekend and couldn't help but notice this musty smell. I checked their room and couldn't find a thing, but I haven't stopped thinking about it since.

She opens a package, revealing a mini cell culture incubator.

She sets it to the side and opens the next one, which contains stacks of the Elle Magazine spread. She smiles and carries a copy of the magazine and a glass of wine upstairs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Perhaps the vents are connected, and the scent was wafting in from a neighboring room? Would you mind checking the vents to ensure they've been cleaned recently? I've heard horror stories about mold...

BATHROOM

Amelia sits in front of her vanity and studies her face.

AMELIA

Thank you so much, you've been a dear. Oh, and the room is 237. If you could check 235 and 239... Have a good night.

She hangs up and opens the magazine. She looks at her own picture staring back at her. In the photo, her eyes are photoshopped to be bright white.

She leans close to the mirror and gets a more microscopic look at herself. While everything else is perfect, her eyes are unmistakably bloodshot from lack of sleep.

The veins line from iris to eyelid, and she lifts her lids to examine them.

Touching the inner corner of her eye with her fingertip, she delicately tries to move the capillaries. They won't budge.

She scratches at a particularly dark, long vein. Her breath quickens, and she can't stop herself as she picks picks picks at it until she sharply gasps as the BLOOD VESSEL RUPTURES.

Scarlet bursts in the corner of her eye. She jumps back, horrified at the hemorrhage that has dyed her entire eye red.

INT. UCLA - DORM ROOM - MORNING

Willow awakens with a groan to her phone buzzing. She picks up and listens, then shoots out of bed, waking Emmie.

WILLOW

Fuck!

EMMIE

What's going on?

WILLOW

That was the Registrar's office asking where my internship hours are. It was due a week ago, and like an idiot, I didn't get Amelia to sign off.

Emmie sits up and looks at Willow.

EMMIE

Woah, your skin looks amazing.

It does; her once-spotty face looks smooth and radiant -- like it's been run through an Instagram filter.

But Willow barely hears Emmie's compliment as she's already out the door.

EXT. AMELIA'S HOME - BACKYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

Joan and Amelia, both wearing large sunglasses, rest on lounge chairs by the pool, facing the view of Los Angeles.

Despite the persistent California drought, sprinklers water the lush lawn.

On small stools in front of Joan and Amelia are two Vietnamese NAIL TECHNICIANS expertly putting the finishing touches on the mother and daughter's manicures.

Amelia looks out at the city.

AMELIA

Do you ever think about how lucky
we are to live here?

JOAN

Please, I remember this city before
it was ruined by the 405, then the
134, and then the immigrants --

AMELIA

(re: the nail technicians)
Mom --

JOAN

What? They don't understand what
we're saying.

The nail technicians steal a glance at each other. They absolutely understand what they're saying.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, immigrants work
hard, way harder than your soft
generation.

(re: the nail technicians)
Not only are they meticulous,
they're cheap, AND because they're
illegal, it's all under the table.
Cash.

Joan speaks as if she found a great sale at Neiman's.

NAIL TECHNICIAN #1

All done!

JOAN

Thank you. They're perfection.

Joan gives the nail technicians a glassy smile and hands them a wad of bills.

JOAN (CONT'D)

For both of you.

NAIL TECHNICIAN #1
Thank you!

NAIL TECHNICIAN #2
Thank you so much!

JOAN
You know your way out through the
side door, yes?

The technicians nod. Joan and Amelia blow on their nails and head toward the house.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Are you going to offer me a drink,
or must I go to the corner store
like some bum?

Amelia takes a deep breath.

AMELIA
Mother, why don't we have a nice
afternoon?

JOAN
(dismissive)
I'll have a Latour Corton.

Amelia chews on her cheek, trying to hold on to her dignity.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

One side of the kitchen wall is entirely glass windows. Through it, we can see the nail technicians packing up. Joan and Amelia place their sunglasses on the kitchen counter.

Amelia chooses a bottle of wine from the refrigerator.

JOAN
Hard to believe Barry lived here
only a few months ago. Unless you
look at the throw pillows, of
course, Barry did always have the
most brutally masculine taste.

Joan chortles as Amelia clutches the wine bottle, stifling her irritation as she pours two glasses.

AMELIA
I decorated the house, mother.

Amelia hands Joan a glass and then takes a nervous breath.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Mom, I actually wanted to show you
something.

JOAN

Oh?

Amelia places a copy of the Elle Magazine issue on the counter before Joan as if it's a royal flush.

JOAN (CONT'D)

This is the spread, I presume?

Amelia tries to act casual as she stifles a grin, willing Joan to fawn over the photos.

Joan licks her finger, careful not to ruin her nails as she flips through the pages.

Each turn of the page mounts suspense for Amelia until Joan reaches her photo.

A long silence.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Hm.

Amelia's eyes dart to Joan, who never looks up from the magazine.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(all in one breath)

Did you hydro-load before the shoot? Your legs look like they're carrying water weight. This is a representation of your *business*, Amelia. And while we're on the topic, don't think I didn't notice your eye. You look like Bunnacula.

Amelia internally shatters. A stunned silence.

AMELIA

Why do you feel the need to tell me my legs look fat?

(summons all her courage)

I do everything I can to get your approval, and it'll never be enough.

For a moment, it looks like Amelia might cry. Her fists clench, ruining her newly painted nails. She unclenches and gazes at the mess.

JOAN

Just like when you were a little girl. No discipline.

AMELIA

Excuse me while I use the powder
room.

Amelia grabs her purse, trying to stay calm as she pulls out the serum and walks away.

DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Amelia clutches the bathroom sink as she quietly sobs. She hangs her head low as she breathes in and out, not wanting to see herself cry in the mirror.

JOAN (O.S.)

Amelia, if you need Smooth Move,
just ask.

Amelia wipes her nose and grabs some toilet paper, dabbing her tears away.

She smiles in the mirror, preparing a brave face.

KITCHEN

Amelia barely steps foot in the kitchen when Joan, still flipping through the magazine --

JOAN

My god, the drama. You've always
been so sensitive. I'm just trying
to protect you. If I don't tell you
the truth, who will?

Amelia halts on the spot.

AMELIA

I don't need your protection
anymore.

Amelia drops her purse and runs at Joan, letting out a carnal scream as she grabs her by the throat. Amelia begins strangling Joan, pushing her up against the wall.

Joan's eyes widen in shock, while the rest of her face remains frozen due to Botox.

Then Joan fights back, scrappily defending herself by trying to scratch Amelia with her freshly painted talons.

Joan gets in one good swipe, and Amelia gasps in horror as she feels blood trickle down her face.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
That better not scar.

Amelia hears the sound of a door closing.

Amelia looks over at the same time nail technician #1, kit in hand, glances up from her phone. She is inside the house and witnessing Amelia strangling her mother.

Amelia and the nail technician both stop in their tracks.

NAIL TECHNICIAN #1
(in shock)
I just needed to use the bathroom.

Amelia flings Joan's tiny body to the ground as she lunges for the technician, who tries to run out the front door, but Amelia catches her.

JOAN
Ahh!! My hip!!

Joan gasps for dear life and tries to stand, grasping at the smooth marble counter, but her hip is out of sorts.

Meanwhile, Amelia and the technician scuffle. Amelia grabs her wrist, and the technician stomps on her foot.

Amelia cries out in pain, and the technician makes a run for it, but Amelia recovers and shoves her. As the technician stumbles, the nail kit flies against the wall and explodes.

The technician sprints into the nearest room as Amelia grabs the closest instrument: a cuticle cutter.

DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

The nail technician tries to close the door, but Amelia kicks it open.

Amelia smashes the technician's head into the mirror before stabbing her in the ear with a cuticle cutter.

The nail technician screams in terror and tries to run but smacks into the wall. She bashes into the floor on her side, lodging the cuticle cutter deeper into her brain.

She falls limp, dead.

KITCHEN

Amelia stomps back into the kitchen, where Joan has managed to stand by pulling herself up using a chair. She sees Amelia coming and brandishes a nearby kitchen knife.

JOAN

You've gone crazy!!! This is not
the girl I raised!

Joan holds onto the counter as she inches toward the door. Amelia looks deranged but joyous as she approaches Joan.

She lets out the laugh of a lunatic before easily taking the knife from Joan's frail hand and holding it next to Joan's trembling mouth.

AMELIA

You have the prettiest lips.

Joan cries out as Amelia slices along one side of her mouth, then we hear a LOUD THUD.

Joan and Amelia turn their heads to see nail technician #2 in the middle of the kitchen, having dropped her nail kit in horror.

NAIL TECHNICIAN #2

Châu was taking so long... but I'll
wait in the car.

The technician bolts for the backyard as Amelia sighs and again throws Joan to the floor, causing her to smack her head against the wall.

Joan touches the back of her scalp. Her fingers come away bloody.

The technician opens the back door, but Amelia comes from behind and stabs her in the temple with a metal nail file.

As the technician shrieks, Amelia covers her mouth and wrestles her to the floor.

Joan watches as Amelia straddles the technician and grabs a bottle of nail polish remover.

Amelia opens the bottle with her teeth and pours it into the woman's eyes as her muffled screams intensify.

Amelia extracts the nail file from the technician's head and stabs her in the chest with it over and over until Amelia is sprayed in her blood, and the technician stops moving.

JOAN
(hysterical)
Oh my god, Amelia, what has
happened to you?!

Exhausted and annoyed, Amelia stands in a huff and trudges to her mother, who is lying helplessly against the wall.

Amelia kicks Joan on her back, then presses the heel of her stiletto to her neck. Joan gazes up at her, terrified.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Amy, you're my perfect baby --

Amelia presses down, slowly puncturing Joan's neck with her high heel.

Joan tries to push Amelia's foot up but is no match for Amelia's body weight.

Joan's neck skin splits as blood gushes around the stiletto.

Joan tries to speak, but no words come out, and finally, she dies.

AMELIA
You should be flattered. These are
Vivier.

Amelia dislodges her shoe as more blood gushes from her mother's wound. She shakes her leg out and grabs the bottle of white wine, taking a swig straight from the bottle.

She takes the bottle with her, grabs nail technician #2 by the leg, and drags her body toward the stairs.

BATHROOM

Amelia sits on the edge of her bathtub, smoking with one hand and drinking from a bottle of wine with the other. The packet of cigarettes that Cyrus gave her resting on the ledge.

"It's Too Late" by Carol King plays loudly on speakers. The nail technician lies motionless in the bathtub, her main arteries severed, her blood filling the tub.

EXT. AMELIA'S HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Willow, internship form in hand, nervously knocks on Amelia's front door. She waits, then knocks again. A moment passes.

She wanders around the front yard. The street-facing side is windowless, so Willow can't see if anyone is home.

She finds the side entrance to the backyard, checks behind her to ensure no one is watching, and lets herself in.

BACKYARD

Willow roams through the backyard until she lands by the pool. She exhales as she takes in the imposing view.

She turns and faces the window separating the kitchen from the backyard and spots Amelia DRAGGING JOAN'S BODY toward the stairs, a cigarette dangling from her mouth.

Willow freezes, absolutely shocked at what she's witnessing.

Amelia looks up, and Amelia and Willow see each other.

Willow's eyes take in the blood on Amelia's shirt, the mangled body she's standing over.

After a moment of stillness, Amelia darts to the backyard.

Willow's legs start working again, and she bolts, but Amelia sprints after her.

Amelia's long legs are faster and she lunges in front of Willow right as Willow reaches the side gate.

As Willow shakes in terror, Amelia continues casually smoking, looking unhinged, standing between Willow and freedom.

AMELIA

Willow, so nice of you to stop by.

WILLOW

I'm sorry, I... I shouldn't have come unannounced. I needed a signature on my internship hours. It was due yesterday, and I was worried I wouldn't get... credit.

AMELIA

It's quite all right. I love a drop-by. It's so small-town. I'm sure it was part of your culture in... what was it? Brecksville.

At the mention of her hometown, Willow sharply inhales.

Amelia's voice is low as she tosses her cigarette butt on the ground and crushes it underneath her shoe.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Why don't we go inside and I'll be
happy to sign off?

Willow glances down and sees the knife in Amelia's hand.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - KITCHEN

Amelia leads Willow through the back entrance. Willow sees the bloody kitchen and the dead nail technician and gasps.

WILLOW
(in shock)
Amelia... this is...

Willow recognizes Joan's lifeless body from the photo.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
Is that your mom?

Amelia glares at her, and Willow blurts out --

WILLOW (CONT'D)
I get it! My mom's a bitch, too!

Suddenly, there's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Before Willow can so much as inhale, Amelia presses her hand over Willow's mouth and drags her upstairs. Willow flails, and the sheet of paper falls from her hands.

BATHROOM

Amelia hauls Willow through the giant bathroom until they reach the walk-in closet at the far end.

She throws Willow into the grandiose closet. The doorbell rings, and Amelia talks quickly.

AMELIA
Before you run yourself ragged, I
should tell you that my walk-in
doubles as a safe room. Barry
thought it was best in case of
intruders -- you know how dangerous
it is out there nowadays.

WALK-IN CLOSET/SAFEROOM

Amelia slams the door as Willow starts yelling, banging her fists against the walls.

BATHROOM

Not a peep of Willow's wailing is audible from the bathroom.

Amelia catches her reflection in the mirror. She looks insane, with one eye red from the burst blood vessel, her face covered in blood, and her hair a mess.

She quickly rinses the blood from her face in the sink.

INT/EXT. AMELIA'S HOME - FOYER - AFTERNOON

Amelia cracks the front door open so only half her face is showing. She's wearing a long robe that covers her clothes. She turns pale when she sees --

AMELIA

Officer Kellis, Officer Badosa. I'm so sorry I took so long. I've been... violently ill all morning. To what do I owe the pleasure?

Amelia's harried appearance does look like she could have been vomiting all day.

OFFICER BADOSA

Dr. Williams, we have some news about Matilda.

OFFICER KELLIS

Could we come in?

AMELIA

I would love that, but I'm afraid it's rather gruesome in here.

Amelia motions to her stomach. Just behind the door lie the bodies of two women.

OFFICER BADOSA

I see. Well, I apologize for having to give you the news like this, but we have some disturbing information about your husband. We found the bones of Matilda's ring finger and one of her rings in your husband's hotel bathroom.

(MORE)

OFFICER BADOSA (CONT'D)

As well as hair under his mattress
and teeth in the vent. We're
currently conducting a forensic
exam, so it's unclear if these
items are from one person or
multiple, but... it seems he was
responsible for Matilda's death.

Amelia covers her mouth as if she might vomit or cry.

AMELIA

Oh my god. I'm sorry, I... I don't
know what to say. That's... quite a
lot to take in.

Amelia turns her face, and the officers see the scratch on
her face trickling blood.

OFFICER KELLIS

Dr. Williams, your face is
bleeding.

AMELIA

(waves the comment away)
Oh, a friend's sheepadoodle,
Lasagna, scratched me.

Badosa hands her a tissue, and Amelia dabs it on her wound.

OFFICER KELLIS

I have a bernedoodle. They'll
getcha!

AMELIA

(still upset)
They're very sweet dogs. What's its
name?

OFFICER BADOSA

Oreo.

AMELIA

(wiping away a tear)
That's just darling. I wish I had a
dog with me right about now.

The moment of seeming humanity touches the officers. Amelia
changes the subject seamlessly.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I just remembered... I don't know
how I didn't think of it before.
Barry was into true crime -- I
never thought much of it.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It's popular enough, but sometimes
he used to google strange things...
it might be fruitful to check his
search history?

OFFICER KELLIS

We certainly will. Alright, thank
you, Dr. Williams.

AMELIA

No, thank you.

Amelia begins to shut the door and then opens it again.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Officers?

OFFICER KELLIS

Yes?

AMELIA

My mother was supposed to come over
today but never showed up. She and
Barry had a rather tense
relationship, especially after he
left me...

(feigns embarrassment)

Listen to me! I must just be
paranoid. Can you blame me, given
what I just learned... But if you
hear anything, you'll let me know?

OFFICER BADOSA

(sympathetic)

Of course, Dr. Williams.

AMELIA

(choking up)

I should really go.

She locks the door, and her fake sadness drops as her jaw
sets in determination.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - WALK-IN CLOSET/SAFEROOM - AFTERNOON

The walk-in closet is the size of a bedroom, with an island
of drawers in the middle.

Willow searches desperately for any sort of weapon. She parts
one aisle of sweaters and steps back in astonishment as she
sees A MINI LAB complete with a small fridge, centrifuge, and
cell culture incubator.

Just then, she hears the closet door open and desperately grabs a loose coat hanger for a weapon.

Amelia appears, stone-faced. She closes the door again and types in her passcode. Willow gestures to the mini lab.

WILLOW

You killed them, didn't you? And you're -- you're making some sort of potion from their bodies.

Amelia steps toward Willow, who backs away.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Amelia, don't kill me. It was a lot at first, but I'm not judging you. Honestly, I'm not! People have done worse in the name of beauty...

Willow tries to defend herself with the coat hanger, but Amelia grabs it and tosses it to the side.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Okay, well, maybe that's not exactly true. But in the name of science, perhaps? Who really can say?!

They circle the dresser island, Amelia stalking Willow like prey. Willow grabs a purse from a wall and throws it at Amelia, who smacks it out of the way.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Amelia. Amelia! I actually came here to ask for your help!

Amelia pounces for Willow, and Willow grabs a row of sweaters next to her and desperately throws them to the ground, trying to obstruct Amelia's path, but Amelia steps over them.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Look at my skin, Amelia. I used the serum in your office.

AMELIA

You WHAT?

Amelia attacks Willow, grabbing her by the throat and pushing her up against the full-length mirror on the back of the door with so much force that the mirror cracks and shatters.

Amelia shields her eyes, and Willow takes the opportunity to kick her square in the gut, knocking the wind out of her and sending her flying back to the ground.

Willow grabs a shard of mirror from the floor and jumps on Amelia, pinning her arms down with her legs as she holds the point to Amelia's throat.

Amelia stares up at her, knowing she could die at any moment. Willow catches her breath, then chooses her words carefully.

WILLOW

I'm sorry I betrayed your trust.
But, Amelia, it was a miracle. I
feel invincible. Better than I ever
could have imagined. Like my
problems just went away.

Amelia is still skeptical but can't help but be intrigued. She stops struggling as she listens.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

And your proposal... Which I might
have also maybe read in your
office.

(off Amelia's glare)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

(serious)

Amelia. I knew you were doing
something nefarious. I could have
turned you. I had enough evidence.
I thought about blackmailing you,
even. But I didn't.

Willow's breath is shaky, while Amelia is hard to read.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

And I could have killed you
already, but I haven't. I want...
let me be an asset to you.

The moment is intimate, almost like a confession of love. Amelia can't help but be moved by it. She tries to cover.

AMELIA

What could you possibly offer me?
Anything you know, I'm already a
master of.

WILLOW

You're building an Empire out of an
undeniable product.

Amelia blushes at her goal being seen so clearly through Willow's eyes.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

But most will think this is crazy,
and many will want to stop you. You
need people to validate you. You
need the second person nodding
their head emphatically -- who sees
how this can help all of us.

(dead serious)

It's like Lady GaGa says, "There
can be 100 people in the room, and
99 don't believe in you. You just
need one to believe." I'm the one,
Amelia. Please. For the first time,
I feel like I can just be. Like
nothing was wrong with me.

Amelia tilts her head as she observes Willow, who looks
resolute -- even powerful for the first time.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I'm going to let you go now.

Willow rolls off Amelia, who sits up. After a moment, Amelia
reaches out a hand toward Willow's face.

Willow flinches, but Amelia doesn't go for her throat.
Instead, she strokes Willow's hair, gently smoothing some
flyaways.

AMELIA

(testing her)

I'm going to move their cars. Drag
the bodies into the master bath.

EXT. AMELIA'S HOME - BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Amelia watches through the kitchen window as Willow lugs Joan
upstairs.

INT. AMELIA'S HOME - BATHROOM - SUNSET

Amelia reclines where the bathtub's edge meets the wall,
drinking and smoking as Willow tends to the draining bodies
as if bathing them.

Willow peeks back at Amelia, and they share a familial gaze.

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

A steady stream of rose gold liquid pours from a nozzle.

Behind the nozzle, a machine churns gallons upon gallons of blood in vats.

Above the vats, a giant strainer hangs overhead. Blood pours through the system, where we can see clumps of dark hair caught in the filter.

We glide higher, past several floors, to --

INT. HIGHRISE OFFICE - DAY

Amelia looks radiant, if not uncanny valley-level inhuman. Her eye whites are shiny and perfect, like hard-boiled eggs.

She shakes hands with a female CEO (60s) as they take their seats at a conference table.

Flanking Amelia at the table are Dwarka and Willow. All of the women -- and every woman we see hence -- are eerily homogeneous.

CEO

It's been an honor to work with you, Dr. Williams. You've shaken up the beauty industry forever, launched in over 150 countries --

DWARKA

Increased Dracoure's revenue by about a million percent --

Willow peeks up from her notes to chime in.

WILLOW

One hundred forty-three percent. To be exact.

CEO

I can't deny, you are the moment. We can see you looking down at the world as we speak.

The CEO motions to the window. Amelia, Willow, and Dwarka follow her gaze, where an image of Amelia modeling her product is plastered on a giant billboard overlooking the Sunset Strip. Amelia's eyes sparkle with joy.

EXT. HIGHRISE OFFICE - VALET - DAY

Amelia and Willow wave in synchronicity as Dwarka gets in her car. Dwarka rolls her window down and calls out.

DWARKA
Bye-bye, beauties!

She drives away, and Amelia glances at Willow.

AMELIA
Have you been using the eyelid
butter?

Willow blushes as she nods.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Your eyelids look dewier than
usual. It's nice.

Amelia's Bentley pulls up. The valet opens the door for her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Just watch for mascara clumping.

Amelia disappears into her car as Willow hurries to find a compact mirror in her purse.

INT. JAIL - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Wearing an orange jumpsuit, Barry sits in jail with a dozen other men watching Divorce Court on a small TV.

INMATE #1
She totally cheated on him.

INMATE #2
You're telling me you wouldn't
cheat on that guy?

INMATE #1
Nah, I'd play perfect, then take
all his money.

Their voices fade as the TV turns to a commercial featuring a group of impossibly glowing women moving in abnormal harmony. Amelia stands in front of the women, looking like an angel.

Barry leans in, mouth agape as he watches.

AMELIA
Lithe Beauty. Unleash the Goddess
within.

Amelia smiles at the camera as we --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Amelia's joyous face boarding a private jet. Workers carry her bags onto the plane behind her.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

A YOUNG ATTRACTIVE MAN (20s) waits for Amelia on board. He stands and kisses her as she walks in.

An unnaturally beautiful flight attendant greets them.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
We're about ready to take off for
Lake Como. Could I get you anything
to drink?

Amelia addresses the young man, enjoying taking care of him.

AMELIA
What would you like?

YOUNG MAN
(kissing her hand)
Whatever you want.

She considers, then grins at the flight attendant.

AMELIA
I want everything.

Amelia lets out an unsettling laugh.

INT. PRIVATE JET - MOVING - DAY

The plane takes off as Amelia looks out the window, a carefree smile on her face.

As they rise into the air, the sun shines through the window and glistens off her perfect skin.

Her eyes refocus from the view of the landscape to her reflection in the plane window, and her grin slowly fades.

FADE TO BLACK.